

A Small Treatise betwixt
ARNALTE and LUCENDA

Entituled
The Evill-intreated Lover,
OR
The Melancholy Knight.

Originally written in the Greeke Tongue,
by an unknowne Author.

Afterwards Translated into *Spanish*; after that, for
the Excellency thereof, into the *French Tongue* by
N. H. next by B. M. into the *Thuscane*, and
now turn'd into *English Verse* by L. L.
a well-wisher to the *Muses*.

Ovid. de trist.
Si qua meis fuerint, ut erunt, vitiosa libellis
Excusata suo tempore Lector habe.

LONDON:
Printed by J. Oakes for H. Mosley, and are to be sold at his
shop, at the Signe of the Princes Armes in
Pauls Church-yard, 1639.



Bridgew. Lib.

Sir,

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

multitude, let them spit the venome of their malicious Envy, and spare not; for I have already prevented the operation of their poyson, with an Antidote of sufficient worth; which is, my neglect of such Criticall dispositions: and if this be not sufficient, why the two Capitall Letters of Your ever-honour'd name, is of force enough to confound them with amazement. For which reason, I knowing it to be customary to such as write Bookes, to Dedicate their Labours to some one or other; some tending their Workes to the view of Grand-Personages, (I will not say in hope of reward) others to their speciall friends, (perhaps in respect of love and familiarity) yet both (I am confident) with intent, that they may be set forth to the perspicuous eye of the world; have chose Your most respected Selfe, to Patronize my post-ensuing Lines; not knowing any so worthy, or more judicious, or to whom I am more oblig'd. Or have I dar'd to tender them to the acceptance of any other, sith they are Yours, and You may justly claime them, I having Devoted all my Services to Your Candid selfe. These if You daigne to protect, I'll not care for Carping *Atomus*, or Barking *Zoylus*, though they should taxe me with a *Westminsterian* Epitaph: albeit I confesse I was never such a pretender to Learning (though I know not much) as to steale whole Verses, though it bee lawfull to Quacke-salve Lame Lines with helping words, and two Physitians use one and the selfe-same Simples (though differently Compounded) but to write *Verbatim*, I'de not affront any mans ingenuity, so ignobly, or dishonour my selfe so basely, though thousands know it not: one may come
with

The Epistle Dedicatory.

with *Virgils* Verse in his mouth, and say,

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

But's no matter, such Censurers may use their freedom, I will not say of ignorance or envy, if of either I care not : It's Your Honour'd selfe, whom I observe : so you be pleased, it imports not who's offended.

My *Genius* having prompt me to present these unpolisht Lines to Your judicious Censure ; I shall intreate You'd pardon the faults my English Stile affords ; and attribute them to my unskilfulnesse ; I must confesse (and believe) there bee many, yet since more sublimer Wits have had some, mine may bee the more excusable ; for if the finest Lawne have an Iron-mould, (witnesse Your selfe) it may bee borne withall in a courser piece.

But what neede I direct the freenesse of Your Noble Disposition, or the generosity of your super-excellent minde, since the Transcendency of Your judgement, manifests that you'le have this consideration ; that a small haire cannot give so great a shadow as a bigge Cable, nor a Needles poynt, so large a circumference as a wide Circle. I neede not unfold th'*anigma* of my meaning, *Car, au, bon entendeur ne fault que demy parolle.* As Painters draw a Counter-Figies by a living Object ; so have I enterpriz'd to translate a Booke, being a Printed Subject ; yet if I give not a true resemblance, or lay my shadowes right, representing th'*Idea* of my *Prose*, though Metamorphis'd into *Verse*, impute it to my want of Art, not of Desire : Thus, if you please to protect these my employments, which kept my Wits busie for some spare houres, from

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the taxations of false-opinionate men, whose Criticall Censures I may compare to *Paris* Darts, or *Cephalus* Shafts, which transpierce the best Armour of prooffe, though of *Vulcans* owne forging. I promise, when as I am growne more cunning, and can mixe my colours better, to Present You with some more serious Piece: In the interim I, tendring these to Your protection, recommend You to the tuition of the Vniversall *Rector*, who Felicitate all Your Enterprizes; whilst I, with all respect, and submissive Reverence, humbly kisse Your hands, and remaine in hope of the continuance of Your Favours,

Your well-wishing, and most
affectionate Nephew:

Leonard Lawrence.



To the Noble-minded READER.

SI R, if my Lines should chance come unto
The worthy prospect of your noble view,
Although they are (I must confesse) unfit
To walke in equipage with better Wit;
Nor worth th'observance of your curious Eye,
Yet read them pray, and passe their faults; for why
A stocke ungrafted never yet could yeeld
Such pleasant fruite as pruned Trees: the Field
Untill'd (you know) can nothing else produce,
Unlesse wilde weeds, good to no wholesome use.
Wild Grapes, though prest, yeeld not such pleajant wines
As the rich clusters of the manur'd Vines:
Or can the Crab-tree such an Apple beare
As the faire Pippin; then Sir, shall I dare
Presume to thinke my Genius or my Braines
Can Echo forth such high Cothurnick straines,
As those ingenious Wits, who well may claime
The sacred Title of a Poets name?
Farre be't from me to harbour such a thought,
Since in respect of such, I'me worse than nought
By many thousands: thus your pardon daigne,
Excuse my faults, 'twill recompense my paine:

To the Reader.

For know some time my Muse and I have spent
This Worke to finish, which I now have sent.
For since Report had falsely blaz'd, that I
Could steale whole Verses, but not verifie,
I chose a Subject thereby to expresse
The skill I have, how to compact a Verse.
Yet Sirs, beare with me, though they doe not run
With fluent straines most sweetly on your tongue.
I ne're was lull'd asleepe upon the lap
Of some sweete Muse, I never tooke a nap
Under the shadie Leaves of Phœbus Tree,
The Groves of Tempe I did never see.
Th'are the first blossomes of my unskill'd Braine,
Which if you please to cherish and maintaine,
With the bright Sun-shine of your favour, then
The nipping Frosts of selfe-opionate men,
Nor Envies blasts shall never have the power
To crop the Bud of this my growing Flower.
This if you grant, 'twill tye me to remaine
Your constant Friend, to which I signe my Name.

L. LAVVRENGE.



To all Faire Ladies,
Famous for their Vertues,
L. L. wisheth the enjoyment of their
Desires ; whether Cœlestiall, or
Terrestriall, but most especially to
that Paragon of Perfection, the ve-
ry Non-such of her Sexe, famous
by the Name of Mistris
M. S.

OH stand my Friends yee sacred Treble-trine
Of divine Sisters, oh yee Muses Nine,
Inflame my *Genius*, and my thoughts inspire
With the bright beames of your *Æ*theriall fire:
Oh teach me words which yet were never knowne,
The choifest Straines that flow from *Helicon*,
And rape me up with Raptures 'yond the pitch
Of vulgar thought; my obtuse minde enrich
With quick Invention, for I have a taske
Beyond my skill, therefore your ayde I aske.
Be then propitious unto my designs,
And prompt my thoughts, that I in *strenuous Lines*,

And words compacted by your proper pain,
May gain excuse; yet lest I should prophane
The sacred worth of those *Faire Ladies*, who
May claime all honour as their proper due,
What *Attributes*, what *honour'd Titles* shall
My trembling *Tongue*, my *Faculties*, and all
My lab'ring *Senses* study to conferre
On their Rare worths, who scarce know how to erre?
Call I them Ladies? why their Sexe doth claime
The proper Title of that Gentile Name:
Stile I them *faire ones*? of an *Angels* hue,
That's but their right, I give them but their due:
Say I th'are vertuous? why their actions shew
It most apparent, and the world doth know
I should but flatter, if I should confine
My *Tongue* to stile them *Goddesses divine*:
Though others use it, pardon me, nor I,
I have no power for to *Deifie*,
Though I adore yee, and would sacrifice
My Life to serve yee: what shall I devise,
What shall I adde, or what shall I expresse
To sound your praises? Oh I must confesse
It is a Subject for an *Homers Quill*,
By farre transcending my unlearned skill:
M'Invention's dull, or is it so sublime,
To touch your worths, you being most divine:
What new-coyn'd Titles, what unheard of straines
Shall I then frame, to blazon forth your fames?
Alas, I'de best strike saile, waft to the shore,
And Anchor there, not dare to venture o're
This Sea of Honour, 'lesse I had the Art
Of *Heraldry*, your Titles to impart,

Or

Or skill to blaze them in their sev'ral Tables
 Drawne out with *Or*, with *Argent*, and with *Sables*;
Gules, *Furres*, & *Azure*, *Bands*, *Barres*, *Chev'rons*, *crosses*,
Bulls, *Beares*, and *Lyons*, with the well-shap'd *Horses*:
 Or that my *Barke* were better rigg'd and trim'd,
 Or that I had a fairer gale of winde
 To embreath the sailes of my most flake Invention,
 And so transport me with quick apprehension.
 And now more than my Tongue can style yee, know
 I am oblig'd and eke engag'd to show
 Unto the prospect of your glorious eyes,
 The sighs, the sobbs, the woes, the miseries
 Of tortur'd *Arnalt*, who doth living dye
 Through th'unkindnesse and strange cruelty
 Which faire *Lucenda* shews him: this his Fate
 He doth intreate you to compassionate,
 And to bewaile his suff'rings, to complaine
 Of her neglect and tyrant-like disdain,
 Which is the cause of his afflicting smart,
 And of the tortures which infest his heart.
 Oh if you chance but ever to distill
 A Pearle-like teare, he doth beleeye it will
 Be of such force, that it will mollifie
 Her flinty heart, convert her cruelty
 To courteous kindnesse, move her to repent
 Her peevish coynesse, cause him sweet content.
 Then oh yee Rare ones, since yee thus may save
 Our ill-intreated Lover from the grave,
 Expresse your pittie, oh bewaile his fate,
 Taxe the unkindnesse and inveterate hate
 Of coy *Lucenda*, blame her for neglect:
 Oh tell her, tell her, that such true respect

She doth not merit, since she still disdaines
 His profer'd love, his service, and his paines :
 And let the beames of your bright goodnesse shine
 Also faire Ladies on these Lines of mine,
 Which though unworthy of your gracious view,
 Vouchsafe to read, they being sent to you;
 'Twill please sad *Arnalt*, and exhilarate
 His pensive thoughts; perhaps 't may recreate
 Your fancies wearied with excesse of pleasure,
 But 'twill reward me with too rich a Treasure,
 And so engage me, that I shall not know
 How to obolve the Debts the which I owe
 Unto your worths, for why, they cannot be
 Repay'd without some new-coyn'd Mystery :
 Thus with my Booke I kisse your faire white hand,
 And at the Barre of your just knowledge stand
 To heare our Doome; it's you must Judgment give
 If by Oblivion we shall dye, or live
 With Fame eterniz'd : give your *Verdict* then,
 And with it life in spight of envious men.
 Say you'll protect it, say 't shall take a nap,
 Encurtain'd closely in your silken laps :
 Grant this sweet Ladies unto him who stil
 VWill be obsequious to your honour'd wills,
 Yea, unto him, who ever will remaine
 More than your servant, well knowne by the name

of L. L.



To his respected second-selfe *L. L.*

HOW can thy worth be more exprest, than by
The pleasant fruits of th'ingenuity?
The praise whereof shall tend to thy renowne,
Tea, binde thy Temples with a Lawrell Crowne:
Envy may barke, but shall not bite thy name,
Nor yet have force to rob thee of thy Fame.
Heede no aspersions, set thy selfe at rest,
The supprest Palme fructifieth best:
Apollo's Sonnes, Minerva's Darlings will
Applaud thy Genius, and maintaine it still.
Thy private friends (experienc'd) will confesse
There's worth, there's wit, there's learning in thy Verse:
And thy familiars, wishing thee the Bayes,
Have song Encomiums to thy lasting praise.
Shall I now laud thee? no, 't must be some other;
My reason's this, because I am thy brother

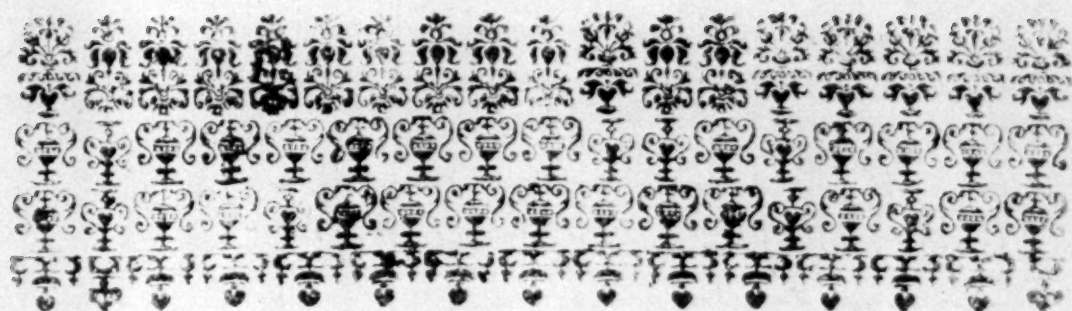
J. Lawrence.



To his worthy Friend the
Author, upon his Translation.

THY *Arnalt* sad, yet sweetly sung, will move
In all delight and pleasure, win their love.
So *Philomel*, whilst of her Rape she plaines,
The senses ravisht with delight some straines.
Then doe not suffer this thy worke to dwell
With dull Oblivion in her gloomy Cell:
What though thy *Arnalt* doth himselfe confine
To Groves? yet to the World let thy Muse shine:
Feare not the *ill-intreated Lovers Fate*,
All lovingly will *treate* thy Muse, none hate.

W. M.



To His Ingenious
Friend the Author, up-
on his Translation.

I Have beheld, with an admiring eye,
These thy first blossomes of sweete Poesie,
Sprung from thy Infant-Muse, whose leaves doe show
A fragrantnesse; although they did not grow
Nigh Helicon, or on the fertile strand
Of sacred Tempe, or Parnassus Land. (Layes,
Thy Verse (though sad) is fraught with such sweete
That it deserves the ever-verdant Bayes
Of fam'd Apollo, for I vow you merit,
If for reward, a greater to inherit.
Thou shew'st us Arnalt, yes, and thy Translation
Sheweth thy Genius, and thy Education:

And

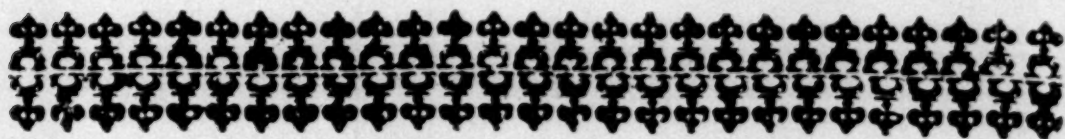
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And we that can no French, are bound to thee
In bonds of love, for letting us to see
His Love-sicke Story mast exactly writ
In English Verse, pen'd by thy fluent wit.
No more Ile say, friend Lawrence, for thy worth
It's badge enough to set thy vertues forth;
For who so reads thy Lines, they will confesse
Thy Muse runs well, having o're-tane the Presse.

R. Knowles.

To

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To his much esteemed Friend *L. L.*
upon his Translation of *Arnalte*
and *Lucenda*.

I Must confesse, these Lines which thou hast writ,
Expreſſe (kind friend) thy Genius and thy Wit:
And theſe thy Verſes have reviv'd in me
The e'ne dead ſparkes of pleaſing Poetrie:
Cause I'de ſay ſomething in the commendation
Of this thy Poem, and well-pen'd Translation:
I doe not write to beautifie thy Worke,
Nor under covert of thy ſheetes to lurke,
And ſo to crowd into the Preſſe, not I,
But to applaud thy ingenuity:
The Greeks, th' Italians, Spaniards, French-men too,
They are beholding Sir, I vow to you:
My reaſon's this, ſince by thy paines and Pen,
Th' haſt taught pure Engliſh to their Country-men,
And thereon their worth's perſpicuous to our Nation,
By this thy copious and refin'd Translation.
Hadſt thou beene tutor'd, or at firſt brought up
To quaffe of Nectar in a golden Cup,
I'de ne're admir'd theſe thy ſtrenuous Lines,
Nor yet have wonder'd at thy well pen'd rimes:
But 's ſtrange, me thinkes, that one who daily uſes
To trade, and trafficke, thus ſhould Court the Muſes:
Then thrive in Raptures, and transcendent Lays,
That Fame may Crowne thee with a wreath of Baies.

N. P.

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To his much Honour'd Friend, L. L.

I T were in vaine for me to blaze thy worth,
This thy Translation plainly sets it forth :
And eke thy Lines, they all are so well pen'd,
That they alone may serve thee to commend :
Should I extoll thee, why it will but shew
That to the World, which they already know :
Then all Ile say, the all I doe intend,
'T shall be to shew, I'me proud of such a friend.

T. A.



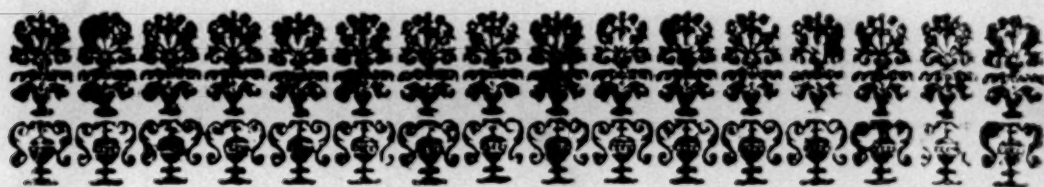
To his true Friend, L. L.

A RT graceth Nature : yet the grace of Art
Grows from those Gifts, good Nature doth impart :
Nor Art, nor Natures gifts are scarce in thee,
Thy Lines will shew, which, like thy selfe, are free.
Thy Naturall Genius shines forth in thy braine,
Which Time cann't rust, nor sparring Envy staine :
The Muses blesse thee still, as th' have begunne :
Thus prays thy friend, and thus thy friend hath done.

R. M.

The

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The Translator tenders his respect to
all ingenious Poets, who, he hopes
will cherish these his Infant Verses,
as being the first that hee
ever Writ.

I Will not venture to usurpe or claime
The sacred Title of a Poets name,
Or dare to challenge ought that doth belong
Unto their merits, least their worths I wrong.
The Worlds applausive praise I will resigne
To *Phæbus* sonnes, their Raptures are Divine,
Sublime transcendent; and their Candor's such,
That I can but the superficies touch
Of their perfections: no, I have no skill
To sound their praises, or to guide my quill:
To portraict forth th' *Idea* of their Fame,
Vnlesse by writing of a Poets name;
Yet that's enough; for sweete-ton'd Poesie
Makes men immortall, and doth Deifie
Them by their actions: what was ever writ
By a true Poet, *Fame* eterniz'd it;
Witnessle an *Homer*, or brave *Horace* name,
Propertius, *Virgil*, or sweete *Ovids* fame:
Or looke but backe to these our Moderne times,
Spencer, though dead, surviveth by his rimes;

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Johnson, and others, needlesse to rehearse,
Are eternized by their famous Verse;
Unto whose worths, Time-during Fame hath rais'd
Trophies of Honour, to their lasting praise.
Oh that I could but shew, or else expresse
How much Honour the ingenuoufnesse
Of great *Apollo's* darlings, who surpasse
So farre the Vulgar, as bright Diamonds glasse!
My Lines are framed in a Leaden mould,
Their Straines composed of the purest gold;
Whose high-tun'd words, like precious Jems adorne
The Readers eare, too costly to be worne
By every Vulgar Criticke, who despight
All sense or reason, be it wrong or right,
Will spit the venome of their malice, and
Censure mens Labours, though not understand:
But's to no purpose; say they what they will,
Poets are Poets, they but Coxecombs still.

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A Small Treatise betwixt
ARNALTE and LUCENDA:

Entituled,
The Evill-intreated Lover.

Here's but a Summer past; the golden Sunne,
He hath but once his Annuall course o're-run,
And lodg'd his fire-breathing Steeds within
The lofty Stables of cold *Pisces* Inne:
And fragrant *Flora*, dewie-breasted Queene
Of Hills and Vallies, which we all have seene
Be-spread with Grasse-greene Carpets, intermixt
With pleasing Flowers, which no Art had fixt.
For by their spreadings and their disperlt shew,
One might perceive that *Nature* caus'd them grow:
Attended on with Troopes of lovely *Roses*,
Carnations, *Lillies*, which the Spring discloses;
And divers sorts of various colour'd Flowers,
As *Pinks* and *Pawuses*, nurs't by *Aprils* showers.
Shee hath but once with this her Traine giv'n place
To wintring *Hyems*, with his Snow-white face,
Since I a Journey, to my selfe no gaine,
Did undertake; for, for my Friend the paine,

I freely did embrace, for certainly,
 The place at distance farre remote did lye,
 Whereto I was addrest : but with my Steed,
 Like *Pegasus* I did intend to speed.
 But having some dayes spent in this my race,
 My fortunes brought me to a desert place,
 Set thick with Trees, whose lofty tops aspire
 To kisse the Clouds ; nay yet to reach more higher,
 Spreading their branches with that large extent,
 That from my eyes they hid the Firmament ;
 Joyning so close, that they did *Phabus* shrowd,
 As he had beene behinde some watry cloud ;
 And interpos'd his glorious beames, that he
 Was forc't to peepe to spy his *Daphnean* Tree.
 Under their shades the Vallies prostrate lay,
 Where Wolves and Foxes did their gamboiles play :
 No silly Sheepe, or Lambes were ever seene
 To browse or feed upon those Plaines, though Greene :
 The labouring Oxe, nor the Milke-giving Cow
 Did e're graze there, or hath the sharpe-edg'd Plough
 Beene ever knowne to furrow up that Land :
 No House or Cottage on that ground did stand,
 'Twas unfrequented, not a tract was seene
 Of man or beast, 'twas all o're-growne with Greene,
 With *Thistles*, *Thornes*, and the scratching *Brier* :
 The *Boxe* and *Holly* which withstand the ire
 Of Winters rage, for they are alwayes seene
 For to survive, clad in their robes of Greene.
 No noise I heard, no cry of coupl'd Hounds,
 Whose bawling throats doe make the Woods resound
 Their yelping clamour, all was quiet there :
 No lusty Keeper hollow'd in his *Deere* ;
 'Twas hush and silent lesse some pretty Rill
 Which murmuring ran at foote of some tall Hill,
 Or else the whistlings that the Winde did breath,
 Which made a rushling 'mongst the trembling leaves.
 No Shepheard pip't the whilst his Flocks did graize :
 No pretty Birds did warble out sweet Layes,

Valesse 'twere such whose chirping Notes did sound
 Anthems of sorrow to the listning ground :
 It seem'd to be the seate of pensive care,
 Of melancholy, and of grim dispaire.
 There mourning fate the harmelesse *Turtle Dove*,
 And sung sad Dirges on her lifelesse Love :
 And sweet-tongu'd *Casta*, pretty *Philomel*,
 In mourning Layes, *Terens* foule lust did tell,
 And in sweet straines though sadly did relate
 Her sad disasters, and most cruell Rape.
 Here did I finde that I was gone astray,
 And that unwitting I had lost my way ;
 Then solid care and passion did possesse
 My wearied thoughts ; since that no redresse
 I could rescouter, for that spacious Field
 No guide, no Shepheard, not a man did yeeld :
 Nor this alone my vexed minde did trouble,
 The craggy wayes my cares did likewise double.
 The Continent it was to me unknowne,
 Nor no addresse could unto me be showne ;
 Which forc't me wander, till at length I found
 My selfe quite lost, I erring in that ground,
 Then being streightned, finding no reliefe,
 The uncouthnesse I did exceed with grieve.
 'Twixt feare and hope, I there did musing stand,
 And with my heavy eyes beheld the Land,
 And here, and there, and every where I spye
 To ease my heart ; at length my curious eye
 The Heavens being faire, discern'd a distance off
 From forth a Grove, the smoake ascend aloffe,
 So by that signe I did conjecture then,
 That in that place I should rescouter men.
 This hope reviv'd me, and then wearied I
 Can trace the path which to the Grove might lye,
 And through the thickest of the Wood with speed
 I did direct my almost tyred Steed,
 But as I traverst through the Wood, to finde
 Some quiet harbour to relieve my minde,

The pathlesse passage I so tedious found,
 That I repented that my selfe I'de bound
 To enterprife it ; for the rag'd shrubs
 O're-threw my Steed, and dasht me 'gainst the stubs :
 The catching, scratching thorny briars then
 Entangled me as they had angry been.
 Th'antrodden paths with them did eke conspire,
 And tript me up, and laid me in the mire ;
 When straight recov'ring, I re-falling found
 There was no pittie in that desert ground :
 And thus perplex't I did not onely grieve,
 For I did wish that Fate an end would give
 Unto my Travells, and so wishing I
 Vnto my wisht for end a pace did hye :
 For though my fortunes had me strangely crost,
 That by dispaire my selfe was well-nigh lost,
 I onward went, I would not quench the fire
 That Hope had kindled, with my friend Desire.
 I still did journey, but about the time
 That golden *Phæbus* in the West doth shine,
 I gain'd a Hill, from whence I might descry
 With ease the place, from whence the smoake did fly,
 It was a Mansion, which Report did tell,
 Belong'd unto a man that there did dwell,
 Who by his Birth was Gentle, and his fame
 Vnto the World did testifie the same :
 This Fabricke he of late caus'd to be built,
 Yet was the Front-piece not like others, gilt ;
 There were no Pillars hew'd by curious Art,
 Nor did the Marble-stones there beare a part:
 No open Walkes, no Arched Galleries,
 As any past, with prospect pleas'd their eyes,
 But sable blacke did onely make the show,
 For as darke Night it seem'd from top to toe :
 Which when I saw, it did me so affright,
 That I abashed, stood at that black sight,
 And there my wondring thoughts with rests desire,
 Of all my former griefes did quench the fire.

But drawing nigher, Fate did me conduct
 Hard by a place, and as my Fortunes luckt,
 Where men were walking, 'twas; who when I found
 Their sad aspects, and their lamenting sound,
 Their mourning habits, and their sorrowing hearts
 Did testifie, that they did act their parts
 In some sad Sceane : for by their outward show,
 As men posselt with griefe, they all did goe :
 But one amongst the rest, who formost went,
 Whose sorrowing sighes and groans the aire did rent,
 Who with sad griefe bewailing spent the day,
 Him did the rest as Lord and Sir obey.
 And howbeit, that care had quite and cleane
 Dri'd up those Ruby streames, the which were seene
 His manly face to staine; and though the Rose,
 In striving with the Lilly, there did lose,
 Her blushing Colour : yet, I pittying, say,
 His gentle vertues still did beare their sway ;
 Nor did his Face, that likned *Cinthias* waine,
 Vnto his Noble parts proove any staine :
 And well he shew'd it ; for he no sooner spy'd
 My wearied selfe, brought there by Fortunes guide,
 But did mee friendly greete, although that he
 Astonish'd was, my wondring selfe to see ;
 But that past o're, and by his courteous show
 He did declare, that Roses doe not grow
 On raggy Thistles : for, oh, Noble he,
 For to descend my Horse intreated me :
 And then the passage of my travels past
 He having heard, himselfe did caule with haste,
 For to provide, that Fatigated I,
 With carelesse sleepe may ease my drowsie eyes :
 Then stretching forth to me his gentle hand,
 He did me bring where his sad house did stand,
 Which with amazement did afresh renew
 My wondring eyes, and my abashed view ;
 Which I enforc'd with heede there to obferve
 The speciall markes that notice did deserve ;

Observing which, unto the Gate we came,
 Where neither Love, nor Fate, or flying Fame
 Did carved stand; or could I ought else spye,
 Vnlesse 'twere three white scroules on which my eies
 Did prying glance; and there I reading found
 This sad Inscription, on that Argent ground.

*This is the Mansion
 Of him that living, dyes,
 Though death consent not
 To close up his eyes.*

These Lines I having read deliberately,
 We farther went, and my observing eye
 Perceiv'd, that all things in that house so sad,
 Of mourning griefe a representment had:
 But though I sadnesse every where did see,
 At that same time I would not curious bee
 To aske the reason, I omitted it,
 Till I should finde the time and place more fit.
 Onward we walk't, and so we enter'd in
 A spacious Hall, where when a while w' had bin,
 Ceres and Bacchus, with their plenteous traine,
 The Tables deck'd, and then went out againe:
 But long they stay'd not, for they usher'd in
 Plenty of Viands, which their Traines did bring,
 Whereon we fed: then Supper being past,
 The grieving Knight he caus'd me for to haste
 Vnto my rest, and this kinde he did doe,
 Because my Travailes and my paines he knew:
 Which to refresh most courteously he lead
 Me to a Chamber, where a fable bed
 Did stand erected; where when I was brought,
 He sighing left me, asking if that ought
 I wanted; and sadly then retiring,
 At these strange wonders left me there admiring:
 Being alone, the bedde it standing nigh,
 Vpon the Swanny Doune, I downe did lye:

And

And as I thought my quiet rest to take,
 When silent Night doth suffer few to wake :
 About the houre, when as the watchfull Cocke,
 The nights shrill Bell-man, and the Pefants clock,
 Doth give the signall by his early crowing,
 That mid-night's past, the cheerefull day is growing :
 I then did heare sad sorrow breath such groanes,
 And sob such sighes, and utter forth such moanes,
 That the strange noyse with wonder did confound,
 M^e amazed sence, but listning then I found
 That 'twas the Knight, with his attendants, who
 Breath forth those groans, and made that strange adoe,
 For with sad Musicke they did shreeking plaine
 Of their afflictions, and their smarting paine,
 Wailing their sorrowes in nights darkest shade,
 'Cause it to sadnesse some resemblance had ;
 The direfull Screech-Owle, bears with them apart :
 And from her screeking throat did shew her Art,
 In keeping time with their sad strained moanes,
 Or eccho like, in answering to their groanes :
 Hearing this noyse, and in the dead of Night,
 I doe protest, it did me sore affright :
 And then I wonder'd more than e're before,
 For strange it seem'd to heare them so deplore :
 Imagination seiz'd on sleepe, caus'd *Morphew* flye
 And wip'd his Leaden slumbers from my eyes,
 And did unlose those silken bands, wherein
 The drowfie god had chain'd my eye-lids in :
 For those sad tones, the which I heard that Night,
 Refreshing sleepe did from my pores affright,
 That I lay pausing in my naked bed ; (head,
 Whilst thousand thoughts did traverse through my
 But true report hath since informed me,
 That ev'ry night the Knight did usually
 Renew with passion his lamenting moanes,
 Tort'ring his heart with endlesse sighes and groanes :
 Which moov'd his servants to deplore his Fate,
 And to bewaile his sad afflicted state :

For love and pittie did them joyntly binde,
 To be conformed to his grieved minde:
 Who now will doubt but that disturbed I,
 Lay fraught with wonder, since their pittious cry
 Chast sleepe away: for with their teares they past
 The nights sad houres, grieving whilst they last:
 But when the East 'gan vest himselfe with gray,
 Which is the ensuing of a golden day,
 All was in silence hush't, they did lay by
 Their dolefull tones, and their distracted cries.
 Rose-check'd *Aurora*, usher to the day,
 Had now with-drawne Nights Curtaines, cald away
 Gold-glistering *Titan*, from faire *Tethis* bed:
 (To whose embraces he was lately fled)
 Which when he heard, with speed and haste he hy'd
 Vnto his Chariot, which he there espy'd:
 Then mounting up his bright refulgent beames,
 Guilded the mountaines, and the silver streames:
 When stately riding through the Christall skye,
 Vested in Gold, from forth a Church hard by
 I heard a Saints-bell found, whose Tones did call
 The circumjacent dwellers (great and small)
 vnto that Service, which is styl'd the Masse,
 Or Mattins either: (well we'le let that passe,
 And to the purpose) then I did espye
 My Noble Host, the Knight, with weeping eyes
 Enter my Chamber, where he did expresse
 The selfe same Honour, and true Noblenesse,
 Which he vouchsaf'd me, the last passed Night,
 When Fortune brought me to his courteous sight:
 For friendly grasping of my hand, he lead
 Me to the place where Service then was read:
 Where when arriv'd, my over-curious eye
 Roving about, I chanc'd for to espye
 A Monument, with sable blacke be-deck'd,
 Which sorrowing griefe had caus'd the Knight erect:
 And as I since have heard, he doth intend
 Therein, to rest, when Death shall give an end

To all his cares : observing it I found
This sad Inscription which engrav'd was round.

*See here the Memory
Of one that grieves with paine,
Since that the sight of him nor her
With ease he cannot gaine.*

Although the Masse, a Service that's divine,
Was celebrated at that present time,
Which claim'd attention with a due respect,
Yet Masse and Service did I then neglect,
And there my thoughts, which should have bin divine
Did poise the meaning of each severall Line :
And having pois'd them, yet I did not spare
To note the sorrow that they did declare.
Yet though I those things saw, I troubled was,
Since of th' effects I could not judge the cause.
But then from Church, Service being done,
We homeward went, where whē that we were come,
Wee free-fac'd Plenty found, who from her store
Had spread the Table with the Cates all-o're,
Then downe we sate, refresh't our appetite ;
And dinner past, the sad lamenting Knight
Striving to glad me with some recreation,
The which might keepe me in some agitation ;
He 'gan discourse, and in's discourse did show
That he the King and Queene full well did know,
Requiring me most friendly to relate
If they attended were with Courtlike state,
Honour'd and serv'd with true magnificence
As did belong unto their Excellence :
These his demands I well could fatisfie,
But let them passe, for with my judging eye
I did perceive that he discourse did frame,
Me for to pleasure and to entertaine :
Not from desire that he had to know,
How it with King or Queene or Court did goe :

And thus I judg'd because he was so sad,
 For he his sorrow alwaye spresent had;
 For, for the most part he both sigh'd and forgow'd,
 But sometimes listning, then a smile he borrow'd,
 And so concluding he me to requite,
 Did render thanks, and this he did recite:
 Know worthy friend, that not without good reason
 Our past discourse was fram'd, nor out of season:
 For I to thee the true effects will show,
 To finde the Spring from whence my teares doe flow,
 Provided this, that you me pledge doe give,
 That you'll not faile, nay, by the faith you live,
 To publish all that my sad tongue shall tell
 To vertuous Ladies, who with wit as well
 As modesty are grac't, oh let such know,
 How one doth cause me suffer smart and woe
 Without just cause, how her obdurate minde
 No teares will soften, no intreats make kinde:
 That from her sexe she varies, and despight
 Their sweet conditions which doe men delight:
 Shee tyrannizes, and to vanquish me,
 Shee is more cruell than man to man would be.
 Report this to them, and with griefe declare
 This sorrowing Note unto their gentle cares,
 That they advertis'd may her folly blame,
 And of her cruelty with me complaine.

" And now ye Ladies, Angels by your hues,
 " I am oblie'gd to tender to your views
 " This following Worke, the which I heard at large;
 " Nor will I faile to execute my charge,
 " Since yee by right may claim't; and 'tis most fit
 " That to your censures I should tender it.

Translator to the Ladies.

O H that my Tongue were now with Silver tip't,
 Since to yee Ladies I must sing with it:
 Nay, I could wish the concave of my throate
 Were lin'd with Brasse, since that I the note

Of the sad Knight must sound unto your eares,
 And with my Verse expresse his mourning teares.
 Oh I could I gaine but little *Philomel*,
Phæbus sweet Bird, within my breast to dwell,
 That she might teach me how to warble forth
 A mourning Ditty for I now am loath
 To venture on this following worke: for why,
 I am unskill'd, nor e're could versifie.
 And then againe, I did it enterprize,
 Ere I did finde that it unto your eyes
 Should be presented: had it beene to men,
 I'de not have car'd, if they had censur'd them:
 But's to your honourd sexe, you'le judge aright,
 And on my faults your sweet eyes soone will light:
 But passe them Ladies, when yee them espy,
 Not on my faults, on me reflect your eyes:
 And pardon Ladies, if my Muse affords
 No pleasing straines, or if my ill plac't words
 Expresse no sweetnesse, or my halting Verse
 Doe not runne currant; for I ne're convers'd
 With the Nine *Muses*, never did I clime
Parnassus top, my wits for to sublime;
Helicon sweet water I did never taste,
 But if I drank't, it was upon the waste:
Ambrosia, *Nectar* never did I touch,
 Then of my rudenesse censure not too much.
 But stay my Muse if you this course doe keepe,
 You'le run astray, and I be forc't to seeke
 A new my Subject: then let's not digresse
 From our intended purpose, but rehearse
 The Knights sad words. Oh neither let my tongue
 Injure *Arnalte*, or the Authour wrong.

The Knight to the Traveller.

SIR, I doe thinke that I should injure thee
 Beyond all Reason, in a high degree,
 If I should faile those secrets to unshrowd,
 Which now are vailed under silence Cloud:

Or to declare of my demands the cause,
 With their effects, and what the reason was
 That mov'd me to them ; for it's not of late
 That I the King and Queene, their Princely state
 Have truly knowne ; for by their high renowne,
 Their vertuous goodnesse which their acts do crown,
 Their fames divulg'd, the world enough doth know,
 Their honour'd worths ; but for your paines I owe
 Some kind requitall, since you have declar'd
 All what you knew, and thereof nothing spar'd :
 My thanks I'll tender for to gratifie
 In some respects thy noble courtesie.
 But other reasons mov'd me to demand
 Those fained questions, and my speech was fram'd
 Unto another end ; for I meane t' impart
 The grieving passions of my sorrowing heart
 Unto thy selfe, and so conferre on thee
 The Treasureship of all my miseries :
 For I beleeve thou wilt vouchsafe to rest
 Some sort of pittie in thy manly breast,
 Which will incite thee to bewaile my Fate,
 And the oppressions of my wretched state
 Causing thee harbour in thy solid braine,
 What I recount, that so you may proclaime
 In future times the summe of all my griefe,
 And how I live stil hopelesse of reliefe.
 Attend me then with silence, but first know
 I thanks to *Thebes* for my nurture owe,
 For that's my Nation, which *Agenors* sonne,
Cadmus did build, when as he durst not turne
 Backe to his Father, 'cause he could not gaine
 His deare *Europa*, whom great *Jove* had taine.
 With this same *Cadmus*, the *Bæotian* King,
 I for a long time nourished have beene,
 And eke a long time's past, since unkind Death
 Depriv'd my Father of his vitall breath,
 Whose honour'd selfe was nam'd as I, *Arnalte* :
 But I'll refraine to certifie unto thee

What

What that he was ; for it will ill become
 Me for to praise him, since I am his sonne.
 In these past dayes King *Cadmus* kept his Court
 Within faire *Thebes*, and his chiefst resort
 Was oftneſt thither ; for which reason, I
 Did there recide, and live moſt conſtantly ;
 Following my ſtudy, mixt with recreation,
 Sometimes with ſport, ſometimes in contemplation,
 Voyd of all care I liv'd, my Heart was free,
 From Love-ſicke paſſions, or his tyranny :
 Whilſt thus I liv'd, in hight of perfect bliſſe,
 Unconſtant Fortune (who e're whirling is)
 Caſt me from forth the ſeat of mans chiefeſt hap,
 And flung me head long in *Pandoreas* lap ;
 For one a day, when as my ſelfe I found
 Quiet in minde, and eke in all parts ſound,
 Free from diſturbance of unquiet cares,
 Or penſive thoughts, commixt with palid feares,
 An eminent man, in *Thebes* City knowne :
 For Fame his worth on her ſhrill Trumpe had blown,
 Yeelded himſelfe unto pale aſhie death ;
 Who Victor-like exhal'd his fainting breath :
 Vnto whoſe fun'rall Rites and Obſequies,
 The ſtately Courtier and the Burgeous hyes,
 And divers others, who did all intend
 To grace the body of their deceaſt friend,
 Whoſe life-leſſe Corps with many watrey eyes
 Was brought to Church in a moſt ſolemne wiſe :
 Where when arriv'd, it in the miſt was plac'd,
 During ſuch time the Ceremonies laſt :
 And there abode, whilſt that with weeping eyes,
 His nighſt kinne the Rites did ſolemnize :
 Chiefely his Daughter ; who, alas did ſeeme
 Like faire fac'd *Venus*, Loves Cœleſtiall Queene,
 When ſhee wore mourning for the timeleſſe death
 Of ſweete *Adonis*, wonder of the earth :
 For ſhee with ſhreekes, and ſad lamenting cryes,
 Diſtil'd ſalt teares, which flow'd from her eyes,

In that abundant manner, as if all
 The rainy showres had beene fore'd to fall,
 Trickling along her cheekes, which to my view
 Seem'd like transparent drops of Pearly Dew
 On fragrant Roses, e're the bright-fac'd Sunne
 Had kist them drye: teares did not only runne
 From her bright Christall Fountaines, for she tare
 Her silken Vestments, and her flaxe-like haire:
 The *Cypresse* Vaile, which her faire face did throwd,
 Like golden *Phæbus* in a watry Cloud,
 Shee rent in peeces, with her snow-white hands
 Dishevel'd her curious breded bands,
 The winds enamour'd, ravish'd with delight
 At the faire prospect of so rich a sight,
 Breath forth their milder gales, and gently blew
 Their fanning windes, by which her bright haire flew
 In amorous dangling, frissing her faire tresses,
 Which in *Alexanders* hung, and curled eases:
 And like the surges of the rowling maine
 They rise and fall, or as upon some plaine,
 Wee see the pretty rising Hillocks stand,
 Or as the furrowes of the plowd up Land;
 These Sunne-like Tresses twin'd in artlesse knots,
 Where in close ambush wanton *Cupid* lurkes,
 Shee did unroote without the least respite,
 She wag'd a Warre, maintain'd a deadly fight,
 Twixt her faire Hands, and those dishevel'd haire,
 Which without pittie from her Head she teares;
 And they not able to with-stand her might,
 O'recome in battaile, trembling tooke their flight
 In scatter'd troopes, and some quite dead did lye
 On her spread shoulders, obvious to the eye
 Of the beholders; in that pittious hew,
 That those that did this cruell conflict view,
 At their rare beauty did not onely wonder,
 But griev'd to see them sever'd so assunder,
 Pittying their usage, and their ruin'd state,
 Seeking to save them, though, alas, too late:

O'recome

O' recome with passion, and distracting woe,
 Halfe mad with sorrow ; she, oh she did throw
 Her tender body on the sencelesse ground,
 And there lay grov'ling with her teares e'ne drownd
 Her acclamations mixt with grievous groanes,
 Her sighes, her sobs, her sad lamenting moanes
 Were powred forth, in that distracted wife,
 That all who saw her joyntly sympathiz'd
 With her in sorrow ; some bewail'd her Fate,
 Others her losse, the rest compassionate:
 Those out-rages, the which she did inflict
 On her faire selfe ; alas, she did commit
 Such cruelty, that pittie moov'd all those
 That were spectators of her grievous woes,
 To have a feeling of her inward smart,
 Whose cruell tortures did infest her heart:
 For ev'ry one did taxe this Virgins Fate,
 And her sad sorrowes caus'd them Lachrymate:
 Since in her passions she was so extreame,
 For to her grieve she limited no means;
 Which so surprest her, that she seem'd to bee
 The very abstract of calamity.
 But now, alas! she of whom I speake,
 Whose sad Remembrance makes my heart to break;
 Oh shee it is ! yea, she that beares the name
 Of faire *Lucenda* ! my e're honour'd Dame.
 Then list awhile, and my sad tongue shall tell,
 How she in worth all others doth excell:
 Ile thus describe her in each sev'ral eye:
 A *Cupid* sits inthron'd with Majesty,
 Vertue attends her, modesty doth grace
 The Rose-like blushes of her lovely face:
 Her pure complexion doth surpass the snow,
 And stains the Lillies in their milke-white show:
 The pleasing Grace, which makes her lovely seeme,
 May claime precedence of the *Paphian* Queene:
 Like polish'd Ivory doth her fore-head shine;
 Her soft silke Tresses in *Meanders* twine;

And are so bright, that *Phæbus* he doth shroud,
 If her he spies, his face behind a Cloud :
 As sparkling *Diamonds* shine her splendent eyes,
 Or as bright stars, which twinkle in the skies,
 Whose radiant beames doe such a luster dart,
 That with a flash they have consum'd my heart :
 Her nose's well featur'd, of the handsom' it mould
 Not long, or peaked, signes that grace a scould :
 Her cheekes resemble two fresh flowry banks,
 Where bright *Carnations* grow in disperst rankes ;
 And in those cheekes the red and whit discloses
 Such pleasing glimps, as Lawne o'respreading Roses :
 Her Lips like *Rubies*, which by Art are joyn'd,
 Doe sweetely close, and friendly are combin'd ;
 And for their colour, they by farre exceede
 The Rosiate blood, which purple Grapes doe bleed ;
 Who when they move, they presently doe shew
 Of Orient Pearles, a well-ranged row :
 Her Organ-voyce it may paralell
 The sweete-tun'd notes of pretty *Philomel* ;
 Nay, farre surpass, the *Spheres* it may exceed,
 For if she sing her tones doe raptures breed :
 Her breath so fragrant, that it doth surseent
 Th' *Arabian* Spices, those from *India* sent :
 A lovely Dimple setteth forth her Chin,
 And wanton *Cupid* plaies bo-peepe therein :
 A snow-white necke supporteth eke her head,
 And from that neck two faire large shoulders spread :
 Her Virgin bosome branch'd with swelling veines,
 Distil'd from Heaven in *Aprilian* raines ;
 Whose Azur'd Dye doth staine the Saphiers hew,
 And make 'em yeeld that they are not so blew ;
 Beares two white hils, whose whitenes may compare
 With snow, or Down, the which the Swan doth weare ;
 Soft as white wooll, or as the airy bed,
 Whereon Queene *Juno* lost her maiden-head ;
 Vpon whose tops, two pretty Arbours stand,
 Compos'd of Roses, fram'd by Natures hand :

Betwixt

Betwixt those Hills a pleasant Vale doth lye,
 And 't's consecrated to Loves Deity;
 Much like unto that shadie Grove 'tis seated,
 Where faire *Idalia* her *Adonis* treated
 For to embrace her, whilst the unkind Lad
 Reject her suite, and left her vexing sad.
 Her hands and armes, they like unto the rest,
 Are well proportion'd, and for to be prest
 Within their folds there is no greater blisse:
 Oh wer't my hap that I may purchase this!
 For other parts, the which I doe not know,
 I will not mention, lest I speake too low:
 There's onely this, as there are sev' rall graces,
 In sev' rall limbs they have their sev' rall places;
 And this I'll say, and speake it evermore,
Nature in her hath laid up all her store.
 Nor is this all, it's but the Cabinet
 Wherein a Jemme of greater worth is kept;
 A Soule unspotted, free from vulgar staine,
 Immaculate, an honourable Name:
 A gentle heart, a truely-noble minde,
 Not proud, but humble, very courteous, kind;
 Rich in good thoughts, of vertues having store,
 Judicious, witty, but in vices poore.
 In brieft, to praise her goes beyond my skill,
 'Twould fit a Pensill, or some Poets quill.
 But to the purpose; I was sore agash't
 At this rare Lady, whose strange acts abasht,
 M'admiring selfe posselt with suddaine feare,
 For I did doubt that she would lend an eare
 Unto th'alurements of dispaire; for why,
 Shee did afflict her selfe most cruelly,
 And wonder rapt me with amazement, when
 I had the prospect of so rich a Jemme,
 Being so perfect in each linament,
 That like an Angell from *Joves* Palace sent,
 Shee did appeare unto my trembling view,
 So faire, so bright, so glorious was her hew.

The Corps being laid with order in his Tombe,
 And publickly before the world inhum'd,
Lucenda thence did wailing home returne;
 And I likewise, who then began to burne
 With new-felt Fire, whose tormenting flame
 Tortur'd my heart with an unusuall paine.
 Thus being wounded with Loves fiery Dart,
 I did endeavour to recure my heart:
 Which to effect, the Groves I did frequent,
 The Woods, the Fields, that so I might prevent
 Love of his purpose; but in vaine the fields,
 Or silent Woods, no comfort to me yeeld;
 Though solitude I did accompany,
 No ease I gain'd, no helpe, no remedy:
 'Twas labour lost, the place affords no ease;
 I still was tortur'd with my strange disease,
 And well I knew incontinent I found
 That solitude did not alone abound:
 Nor get that hope at randome from me sped;
 But that all solace from my heart was fled.
 The twice *Twelve Sisters* clad in blacke and white:
 The Day attending, and the darksome Night,
 Their charge observing, suffer'd for to passe,
 Thus many a day that runned through their glasse;
 Whilst I endeavour'd for to entertaine
 Dreaming Oblivion, and to sleepe my braine
 In *Lethæan* water, that I might forget
 The fixt Resolves whereon my minde was set:
 For since my entrance I so prickly found,
 So cruell, cragged, and such thorny ground,
 I knew the issue would more tedious be,
 And farre more rugged unto love-sicke me.
 Yet this avail'd not, albeit time did haste
 With flying wings; nor would a minute waste,
 The more he flew, the more my paines drew nyc,
 In whose hot flames my wounded heart did fry:
 'Twas water throwne with Smiths upon the fire,
 Which doth not quench, but makes it flame the higher
 For

For as my griefes increafe and multiply,
 With winged speed my helps from me did flye :
 Thus in a Lab'rinth I was strangely got,
 And there I wander'd, having not the knot
 To re-conduct me forth, I seeking, stray
 In untrod paths, I found no ready way.
 Ten thousand thoughts lay hamm'ring in my braines,
 Who forg'd out meanes how to assuage my paines.
 But prov'd so brittle, that they did not hold
 Whilst I assay'd them ; thus my hopes grew cold
 For want of succour, and most wretched I
 Endur'd much anguish, then necessity,
 The slye Inventor of unheard of facts,
 Th'accomplisher of more than common acts,
 By her sage counsell shew'd me by what wayes
 I might releas'd be from this strange maize ;
 And thus advis'd me, that I by a Page
 Who waited on me in his equipage,
 And to *Lucendas* house did oft resort,
 Her Brother to associate and disport,
 Might certifie, I having the fit meanes
 To faire *Lucenda*, (whose transpiercing beames
 Inflam'd my heart) the passion that I felt
 For her sweet selfe, though I did often melt
 To brackish teares, and from my eyes did flow
 Such Rivolets as might an Ocean grow.
 My thoughts thus having prompt me, I 'gan spy
 In every place for opportunity :
 T'obviate which I did encharge my Page
 For to frequent more oft, and to engage
 Himselfe more dearly to *Lucendas* Brother ;
 Yet on his life m'intents not to discover.
 This his imposed charge he modestly
 Did execute, with speed sought remedy
 In such a wise, that he went in and out
 My Ladies Mansion, none did him mis-doubt ;
 And having divers times him well advis'd
 For to be secret, and unto his eyes

Presented.

Presented divers chastisements, if he
 Unto my secrets should disloyall be ;
 Gave him a Letter, the which did containe
 These following Lines written with great paine.

Arnaltes Letter to Lucenda: (treasure)

THou matchlesse peece of worth, the Worlds chiefe
 On whose faire fore-head sits a world of pleasure,
 Natures sole Darling, and my soules delight ;
 Fairer than Venus, than the Sunne more bright :
 For why thy Beauty doth by farre out-ray
 Th' Orient brightnesse of a Sun-shine day :
 If that my fortunes so propitious were
 To my desires, as you are Phoenix rare ;
 I'd rather wish that you were certifi'd
 Of my pure Love, purer than Gold though try'd,
 Or that my Faith and constant Loyalty
 Were but perspicuous to your glorious eye,
 Then that you should vouchsafe to read my Lines,
 Th' Interpreters of my inforc't designs :
 Had I this favour, (fairest) were it so,
 Observing me, you easily might know
 The passion that I suffer, which is such,
 And so out-raging, vexing me so much,
 That 'twould be able freely to obtaine,
 That which I hop't by Writing for to gaine :
 For by missive you can onely know
 My grieving ends, but then my teares would shew
 The desp'rate state wherein afflicted I,
 Doe passe my dayes in endlesse misery.
 My heaped griefes would likewise then supply
 My failing words, and to you testifie
 The truth of that which now your selfe may doubt ;
 And from your breast, distrust they'd banish out.
 For though th' afflictions Fortune hath not spar'd
 To let me suffer, cannot be declar'd,
 Yet through my paine your Iudgment would conceive
 The very truth, the reason why I grieve :

Now

Now since such hap, my hap doth not possesse,
 I le force my Lines my Sorrowes to expresse.
 Know, faire Lucenda, since that very day,
 Your Honour'd Father was involv'd in clay,
 Your more than mortall grace, and my affection
 Captiv'd my heart, enthral'd me to subjection.
 Your shining living Lampes, whose glorious light
 Transcend the Starres, that waite on Cinthia bright,
 Directed me at that same present time,
 To offer to thy selfe (who seem'd divine)
 My life, my service, and I vow'd to be
 A faithfull Servant unto honour'd thee:
 Whilst thus I gazed at thy most rare beauty,
 The Priests had done unto the Corpes their duty,
 And your faire selfe did homeward then repaire:
 Whence fleeting time did all your Sorrowes beare;
 For, for to grieve you found it was in vaine,
 Sith your lost Father teares could not regaine:
 You being gone, I likewise homeward went,
 Where when arriv'd, I inwardly did scent
 A strange disturbance, all my spirits quak't,
 My vitals trembled, Ague-like I shak't:
 My blood ranne boyling in my veines, my heart
 Lay panting, throb'd with anxious smart:
 And I bewail'd the cruell smarting paine,
 Which I doe suffer from that secret flame
 Which love hath kindl'd, dazzling in your eyes,
 Whose radiant beames with torments me surpriz'd.
 Sweete I beseech thee credit this; believe,
 That for thy selfe I doe both pine and grieve,
 For I'me so strongly fetter'd in Loves band,
 That nought can free me 'lesse thou lend a hand:
 Being as feeble my passions to o're-sway,
 As you have force, & inforce my heart obey:
 More o're, I thee assure, that want of power
 More than my owne free-will caus'd me yeeld o're
 My thrall'd selfe, and tender to thy shrine
 My vov'es, my life, and thus vel nil am thine.

Had I the means, or were I helpt by might,
 Then from thy face I straight would take my flight:
 But spite my will, perforce I am constrained
 To seeke thee out by whom my heart is pained:
 Nor from your beauty (fairest) can I flye,
 Since in my sheldome doth my freedom lye:
 For over mee you sway so strong a hand,
 And ore my selfe I have so small command,
 That if I purpose (Lady) not to love thee,
 I am not able, your Graces doe so move mee:
 For why, alas, my wounded sorrowing heart
 Through thy vertues, my love bearing part:
 So firmly knit, and linkt with Loves strong band
 To thy sweete selfe, that nought can it dis-band.
 Thus let these Lines (sweete Mistress) certifie,
 If that I had the possibility.
 Rather than that I would have hop'd in vaine,
 For helpe of thee, by whom my heart's nigh slaine
 I do thee have banish'd from my quiet minde,
 Nor thee have suffer'd harbour there to finde
 But Fate has order'd, and I am condemn'd
 By Destiny, to be thy truest friend:
 Or have I had the means to avoid the ill
 Of this good hap, which thus remains must still.
 I retract not now thy comfort, but with speede,
 Stench thou those wounds that in my heart doe bleed:
 Heale mee, for why, I suffer cruell smart
 From thy bright eyes, which have transpierc'd my heart:
 Deny me not thy gracious faour then,
 But by thy smiles glad me above other men:
 For by the greatnesse of my suffering paine,
 I doe deserve these favours to obtaine:
 And since in so few dayes thy Sunne-like eyes
 Have out-ray'd me in a most cruell wise:
 Consider in what an Obligation you
 Are reduable, and to me 'tis due:
 Since I had rather lose my selfe for thee,
 Than to be sav'd, unlesse thy meanes it be:

*And fith thou art the cause of my torment,
 The paine is pleasing, and gives me content,
 And my destruction, for thy sake doe I,
 Though with great losse, esteeme it victory.
 Then sweete assist me, let me not despaire,
 Cherish th' affection, which to thee I beare :
 Although ay yet no recompence I crave,
 For I doe hope, when you shall knowledge have
 Of the estate, wherein I loving live,
 That then your notice will you freedom give
 To loose the raines to reason, which you le find
 Not to be absent, gracing of your mind :
 And whereas reason's present, there I not want
 A large reward, for it will kindnesse grant :
 Now with this hope I fraight waies will expell
 Vnquiet thoughts ; dispaire shall never dwell
 Within my breast ; but since dispos'd I am,
 Rather to suffer my afflicting paine,
 Than to petition, or to intercede
 For thy assistance, I will cease to plead
 To gaine thy favour, cause Ile give an end
 To this my missive, which I now doe send :
 Onely vouchsafe my teare-drown'd face to see,
 That of my griefes it may a testate be :
 For why, deare love, a lovers pleading eyes
 May more expresse, than Letters can comprize.*

Thus was my Letter finish'd, yet friend know,
 E're I give order that my Page should goe
 For to deliver't to the milke white hand
 Of her, at whom all eyes amazed stand :
 I did instruct him in what manner he
 Ought to proceed, and carefull for to be ;
 Wisely to chuse the place, and time most fit,
 To tender to her view what I had writ :
 That if perhaps *Lucenda* should refuse
 For to receive it, then she might not chuse :
 These my commands unto th' obsequious will
 Of my observing Page, were pleasing still :

For by his actions he did still expresse
 His love and care to gaine me some redresse,
 Daily endeavouring to relieve me, he
 At length had spy'd her all alone to be;
 Then taking hold of opportunity,
 He there intreated her as covertly
 As possibly he might, that she'd vouchsafe
 To accept my Lines, to daigne me so much grace;
 How she did like of this Discourse so strange,
 Shee made expression by her colours change:
 Nor could she so dissemble, or disguise
 Her inward thoughts, but by her blushing eyes
 She did reveale them; for we oft discry
 By outward Symptomes what doth inward lye.
 Yet ne're thelesse my Page, as well advis'd,
 Weighing the paine I suffer'd from her eyes,
 At nought did marvaile, but did still intreat
 Her gracious pittie to assuage my heat:
 But she, alas, did no attention lend
 To his intreates, nor yet her favour send;
 For seeing that she still was importun'd,
 That on her patience he too farre presum'd,
 Thinking to free her selfe, she forthwith went
 From her soft resting seat with discontent.
 Which when my Page perceiv'd, he suddainely,
 With large stept paces after her did hye,
 And swiftly speeding, he her over-tooke,
 Then threw my Letter where she needes must looke,
 Which fell so fairely, that necessity
 Inforc'd her will thereon to cast her eye,
 And take it up, but with such entertaine,
 That it a thousand rents did straight waies gaine:
 Which spightfull act did re-assault my heart,
 With a strong troope of more than killing smarts.
 For when I saw my hopes thus blasted, and
 My griefes still crescent, I had no command
 O're my sad soule; a death-resembling cold
 Possess'd my spirits, and my hopes control'd:

Which

Which deepe distemper of my wounded breast
 Did so torment me, that it did expresse
 Me more than wretched : thus I still endur'd
 Heart-burning tortures, hopelesse to be cur'd,
 Unlesse pale Death should penetrate my heart
 With the sharpe edge of his all-killing Dart.
 Thus fraught with passion and distracting care,
 O're-come with griefe, poss'est with grim dispaire,
 Unto my selfe I grew so strange a foe,
 And such a friend unto my smarting woe,
 That I embrac't it with a great delight,
 And entertain'd it dayly in my sight.
 For if for refuge or some helpe I sought,
 I had recourse unto my sorrowing thoughts :
 And like sad *Philomel* in mourning Layes,
 I warbling, grieving spent full many dayes ;
 Untill a morning which with ruddy looke,
 Did drive dim mists from off the silver Brookes,
 And that *Aurora* clad in Purple gay, (Day,
 Had chas'd blacke Night, and brought on cheerefull
 Or that bright *Titan* in the Easterne streames
 Began to bathe his fiery-flaming beames ;
 For then my Page who still was circumspect,
 And tooke great heed m'affaires not to neglect,
 Came in and told me how *Lucenda*, she
 The following night resolved for to be
 At divine service ; this then straight-ways past
 For truth unto my breast, since th'Eve it was
 Of *Christ* his Masse : (Oh ever honour'd time,
 Too great a Subject for my love-sicke Rime)
 Having heard this, I straight wayes summon'd in
 My Wits to counsaile what I should begin.
 Then for to ease my sad afflicted heart,
 I did intend a new projected part ;
 Which to accomplish I resolv'd, disguis'd
 In Ladies habite for to blind the eyes
 Of slye suspition ; so for to draw neare
 My honourd Lady, sitting void of feare,

Hoping by that slight for to prevent
 The babbling tongue of dangers utterment ;
 Then being accoutr'd ev'ry way compleat,
 Vested like her I went, and tooke my seate
 Nigh to the place whereas she us'd to be
 At any time of high solemnity ;
 And she not doubting of my cunning plot,
 (For so disguis'd alack she knew me not)
 At her arrivall, though her tongue were mute,
 With courtesie she did me then salute.
 Nights *Negro* Queene, having the earth o're-spread
 With her blacke vaille, and in bright *Phœbus* stead,
 Pale *Luna* staining with her spangl'd traine,
 Whose glimmering lights did dart a twinkling flame:
 I found occasion since the silent Night,
 Th'obscure place (which might some others fright)
 Propitious prov'd, these words for to declare
 Unto *Lucenda* in perfections rare.

Arnalte to Lucenda being disguis'd.

R Enowned Lady, famous by the Name
 Of faire *Lucenda*, which you truly claime ;
 Had I th' Elixer of all humane wit,
 Or were my tongue with Gold or Silver tipt :
 Were I compos'd of Rethorick, could my words
 Sound forth more sweetnesse than the true accords
 Of Lutes, or Harps, or might my Genius claime
 Precedency of smooth'd-tongu'd *Tullies* fame,
 Yet were my words too meane I must confesse,
 For your attention, sweetest I professe ;
 Not able for to counterpoise the grace
 Which doth adorne your Angelick face !
 For these same Reasons let me (Sweet) intreat
 Thee not to heed what that my tongue shall speake ;
 For had I (Fairest) but such skill to plaine
 Of thy unkindnesse, at last might to paine
 My yeelding heart, I'de justly then declare
 My selfe as learned as you are beauteous faire :

But

But marke the passions of my wounded heart,
 Th' abundance of my sighs, whose cruell smart
 At this same instant I present to thee;
 That of my paine they may affirmers be.
 I doe not know what gaine you hope to get
 Out of my losse, what good you doe expect
 From my ill hap, for I have let you know
 By my sad Lines, that I my life doe owe
 Unto thee Lady by my misery,
 Express my selfe sole yours untill I die:
 Yet arm'd with rage, dispiightfully you tor'd
 My sad Epistle, wherein I implor'd
 Thee to release me from that anxious paine
 Which thou hast caus'd me (Fairest) to sustaine.
 You ought t' have given leave unto my Lines
 T' have done their message, by which my designes
 You might have knowne, and how in passions I
 Have ever liv'd, since first of thee my eye
 (Guided by Fate) so faire a prospect gain'd,
 That to thy selfe I finde my heart enchain'd:
 Persevere not I pray so vehemently,
 Nor be not thus resolv'd; alas for why?
 The cloudie mists of base report will staine
 The lively glosse of your renowned fame.
 Nor will your fame alone endamag'd be,
 For I shall suffer through your tyranny,
 And lose a jemme priz'd beyond all wealth,
 (Mans chiefest hap) the enjoyment of my health:
 Where wilt thou finde excuse, whose force may serve
 Thee to acquit of what thou dost deserve?
 Or warrantise thee too, too cruell action
 Of these strange acts, or their offending fashion.
 Thou hear'st the anguish with the which my tongue
 Doth crave redresse, for my heart-killing wrong:
 Full well you know that Vertues differ farre
 From rigorous forces; how in kind they are
 Unlike each other, that you cannot be
 Vertuous, if cruell; kind, if harsh to me;

Nor can you (fairest) Vertues period gaine,
 Unlesse you gracious courtesie retaine :
 Then since it in your gracious power doth lye,
 With one poore word fully to satisfie
 And recompence my service, cleare the shot
 Of all my paines, the word denie me not ;
 For I no greater hap desire to gaine,
 Than that by your consent I may proclaim
 My selfe your servant, for so honour'd I
 My ills receiv'd from thee may satisfie :
 Speake then thou Non-such of thy sexe, for why,
 I'm rapt with wonder, since that thy reply
 Is still protracted ; let thy Organ-voyce
 Pronounce some comfort, and my soule rejoyce :
 Doe not consent (deare heart) to suffer me
 With tediousnesse still to sollicite thee :
 Behold my sighs, my teares, how they expresse
 The weaknesse of my might, whose edifice
 So slightly's built, and by the combate rude
 Which you deliver, and is still pursu'd,
 So much is shaken, that's more apt to fall,
 Then prove a Fortresse to my life in thrall.
 Why standst thou mute, why make you no reply ?
 Oh tune thy tongue, whose pleasing melody
 Doth farre transcend the sweet harmonious straines
 Of well-touch'd Lutes, compos'd by Musicks paines.
 Perhaps you thinke your answer will defame
 Your reputation, or your honour staine ;
 Or else those honey-words the which distill
 From'twixt your lipps, whose Tones with Musick fill
 My ravisht eares, at such a rate you prize,
 That you beleve that they will scandalize
 Your spotlesse credit, should you let them slip
 Into my eares from'twixt your Rose-leav'd lips :
 If so, take heed lest master'd with conceit,
 Your selfe you wrong not, or too much forget :
 For certainly 'twill to your shame redound,
 Not to your glory, if you me confound.

Oh then Lucenda, doe not strive to gaine
 Of cruell murtheresse the abhorred name ;
 Doe not, I prethee, for so small a price
 Lose thy true servant, and his services :
 What shall I say, what shall I else repeat,
 To make thee certaine of my paine most great ?
 My tongue wants words, my inward griefes to show,
 I want expression to declare my woe
 Sure I was borne not it to certifie,
 But to be certaine of my misery :
 Having beene taught of her to grieve and plaine,
 Then to finde ease for my afflicting paine.
 Now since my will, and your excellling worth
 Have not an equall measure, none of both,
 Thrice Noble Lady, I leaue thee importune
 Your honour'd selfe, nor yet with words presume
 You to disquiet ; let it then suffice
 That thou hast scene through prospect of thy eyes,
 That if from me expected hope you banish,
 My life will end, which now doth pine and languish.
 Then having scarcely finish'd these my words,
 With trembling voice this answer she affords.

Lucenda to Arnalte,

THou deem'st, Arnalte, by thy cunning shift,
 Thy filed talke, and this thy fancied drift
 To o'recome my vertues, and my spotlesse fame,
 Which would redound unto my utter shame :
 Which if you hope to purchase, or inherit,
 As the true Crowne belonging to your merit,
 In truth you le faile, for ever to obtaine
 What you expect, by this your course so vaine.
 For this Ile tell you Sir, you may conceive
 What likes you best, but 'twill in fine deceive
 Your expectations : for Sir, know you must
 That in my weake defence as much I trust,
 As you, in your perswasions : therefore flye
 These resolutions, doe no more relye

On thy strange fancies, but henceforth surcease
 From thy demands, and to thy selfe grant peace :
 This I advise thee, 'cause it will proclaime
 Farre more your wisdom, than if you maintaine
 These fond resolves ; for in the least respect,
 You'll ne're accomplish what you doe proiect :
 And that you may, Arna'te be more sure,
 Know of a certaine, all the Worlds great power
 Cannot in sunder breake the well-bar'd gate
 Of the fix'd purpose which I doe relate.
 Saile by this Land-marke, for it will addresse
 Thee to the haven of true happinesse :
 Though I have daign'd at this same present time
 To answer thee, why it hath onely beene
 To this intent, that having no assurance,
 You might not hope, or let your suit of durance :
 Since in these cases it's Speransa's kind,
 Sooner than ease, prolong'd delaies to finde :
 Or if my tongue (too mild) doe not expresse
 A severe harshnesse, (for you must confesse
 You have deserv'd it, and should I inflict,
 You cannot taxe me, since you merit it)
 In some respects, is for to favourise
 Thy loyalty, observed by my eyes.
 I doe not question, or will I deny
 But that you love me, which to testifie,
 Thou oftner seek'st me than I doe desire ;
 Yet howsoe're, thy paines must lose their higher :
 For I pronounce your hope shall so farre flye
 As your request and importunity
 Proves tedious to me. I no more will heare
 These irksome treats, which doe offend my eare :
 Perhaps 't may be, you thinke, because my words
 Are mild and pleasing, that my deeds 'l accord
 With them in kindnesse ; being exempted free
 From rigorous strictnesse, or severity.
 Doe not still sooth your hopes, I plainly tell,
 If such a thought within your breast doth dwell,

'Twill not availe you ought. Arnalte know,
 If your insulting love you don't o'rethrow,
 Or else divert its course, Ile give it o're
 Unto some one who shall you not deplore,
 But have the power justly to plaine of thee,
 And eke avenge, and wreake this iniurie.
 For these same reasons, it's my wil'd-desire
 You leave dispute, without delay retire :
 For better 'tis with speed for to apply
 Some saving meanes, some helping remedy,
 Than by delayes protracting, to inforce
 Betwixt the soule and body a divorce :
 This to advertise I did think most fit,
 Since there's more losse than gaine for thee in it :
 Yet howsoever this my counsaile laud,
 And my well-wishes to the world applaud.
 Be not so rashly bold, to dare to tell,
 That with my speech I have not us'd you well.
 For I declare, if such discourse you' gin,
 As but to say you have abused bin,
 That great ill hap shall surely thee befall,
 Which I will slight, not it regard at all.
 Henceforth you ought your hot desires suppress,
 And curbe your will, and to your selfe grant peace ;
 Which I believe you'le doe : for as your eyes,
 Drown'd up in teares your vow'd-good-will likewise,
 Doe manifest, and plainly shew to me,
 That 'twill more pleasing, and delightfull be
 To thee Arnalte, rather to present
 Pleasures unto me, than sad discontent.
 This if you slight, the love which you maintaine
 I shall suspect, though you it true proclaime ;
 And to your selfe it will procure but losse,
 And unto me but angers vexing crosse.
 Now to the end that your intents may prove
 Your selfe as prudent as your sighes you love :
 And that your actions may expresse you thus,
 To be as wise, as you are amorous :

*I will no more goe in need on path direct
Where you may seepe your selfe for to protect.*

Answer to the Traveller.

THat *Lucinda's* answer (friend) agree
And correspond unto my miserie:
And she with-drew her selfe from lending aide,
Although with teares I her most humbly prais'd:
For with disdaine I was of her rewarded,
That pity wept to see me unregarded:
And by so much my hope did faile and cease,
By which more desired did increase,
For hearing of her sweete mellifluous prate,
Which with skill, whose tones might decorate
The heavenly Sphaeres, I found my selfe bereft
Of living motion, onely it had left
My sense alive; for in that extasie
Though rapt I was, yet liv'd my memory:
The which attended with great heede to pryce,
If at length some good hap might descry:
For of her well-tun'd words it did take note,
That sweetly warbled from her silver throate.
But with her threats, her words did joyntly end,
And my reward fast lock'd, she left behinde:
For to preferre my danger, yet said I,
Of any thing I least did feare to dye;
The which intending she should understand,
Some dayes being past, the taske I tooke in hand:
And on a night before her house my tongue
Unto her eares did chant this following Song.

The Song.

IF the afflictions which infest my heart
Must still increase, and gaine no finall end,
Can any one conceive the anxious smart,
Which doth my heart with cruell tortures end?
Since I still living dye, yet cannot gaine
Death's easing helpe to free me of my paine.

If all my gaine in losse be comprehended,
 And that my passions and heart-throbbing woes
 (Although they are of wretched me be-founded)
 Still prove to be my most inveterate foes,
 Why doe I live, and not implore pale Death
 To end my paines, by stopping of my breath?

Yet if it seeme to your rare selfe, that I
 Deserve these torments as my proper due,
 Delighting still to be my enemy,
 Who feels such paines as I receive from you?
 For though I living dye, I cannot gaine
 Deaths easing helpe, to free me of my paine.

Perhaps the aire of this sad song might keepe
 Lucinda waking, drive away her sleepe;
 Yet sure I am my plaints and sighing groanes
 Could not awake her heart to heare my moanes,
 Nor all my vowes, protests could her perswade,
 Nor my laments her marble-breast invade.
 Then seeing of my selfe to be neglected,
 And that my service was of her rejected,
 And that my sorrows over me did sway,
 That I perforce was forc't for to obey
 Unto their wills; for as they waxed great,
 My pores did faile, and I grew wondrous weake;
 And eke my hope was troubled in such wise,
 That it did cause my tender weeping eyes
 To raine such showers, that I at length became
 Halfe blind with sorrow, waxing wondrous wane,
 Disfigur'd pale; and this exceeded all,
 I grew so desperate, that I'gan to bawle
 And raile against my wretched selfe, and say,
 O wretched Crittise, where wou't thou away:
 Stay haplesse man, whereto art thou become?
 Or to what place arriv'd? where wou't thou runne?
 Hast thou yet hope, why do'st thou not dispaire?
 Or see you not that from you's banisht farre

Redresse or helpe? or that's impossible
 To cure thy wounds, or ever make thee well?
 How clearly doe these signes to thee presage
 Thy present losse, and future ruinage,
 Since thou hast rear'd by thy aspiring eye
 Too high the Ladder of thy Loyalty?
 For thou must looke to fall thence sooner downe,
 Than mount the top, thy wishes there to crowne:
 Thou art the man that must more ill endure,
 For thou art he who of no hap art sure;
 Slave to thy selfe, who do'st abhorre to live,
 Yet not to wish, for thereto scope you give.
 What lucklesse Planet raigned at thy Birth?
 What fatall *Omen* was presag'd on earth?
 I doe perceive that by degrees you waste,
 And that desire will you o're-come at last.
 Hast not thou then great reason for to crave
 That Death would lay thee in a silent grave?
 Yet though you wish't, or that for ease you chus't
 Vnto your hart, yet ought you to refus't,
 Thereby to shun the losse thou must sustaine,
 And flye perdition which the soule may gaine.
 Then out I cry'd, I have so great a taske,
 I know not what to chuse, to say, or aske.
 Oh my forsaken soule, why do'st possesse
 A habitation so full of wretchednesse?
 And thou my eye, enemy to my heart,
 Immortall foe, why did'st thou me convert
 To *Cupids* Doctrine? Did I e're give cause
 That thou should'st me submit to Loves false Lawes?
 Thou wer't unwitting, his rewards are vaine,
 When his employments are too full of paine.
 Yet did you know that he who truely lov'd,
 If life he kept, from torments never mov'd.
 Thou knew'st th'impuissance: oh to what intent
 Did'st yeeld thy selfe unto his government?
 Reply you may that you had no more power
 To disobey, than I have at this houre

Will to forget her ; what ills are these I see
 That thus afflict, torment, and torture me ?
 Oh haplesse man ! even as thy forces faile,
 So doe thy sorrows over thee prevaile.
 For at this present by thy acts thou thought'st
 T'enrich thy mind, but thou alas canst nought :
 For which attempt thou wilt receive great shame,
 Thy life's endanger'd, injur'd is thy fame :
 For these requitalls thou ought'st sooner grieve,
 Than laud her kindnesse, or her praises give.
 But since it's thus, let patience recompense
 Thy paines, and end the warre thou hast commenst,
 And bide the brunts the which thou dost attend,
 For they hereafter will more fury lend.
 Though now th'are easie, very light to beare,
 Yet in the end continuance will out-weare
 Thy soule with griefe, and toyle thy understanding.
 If this assuage not, or be a disbanding,
 Why summon reason, and appeale if she
 Assist thee not, or else abandons thee.
 Bewaile thy cares, and ope the gates then wide,
 And welcome death ; for at this present tide
 Thou may'st not thinke to gaine the remedy,
 Which sence and reason unto thee deny.

Arnalte to the Traveller.

THUS to my selfe I breath'd out these laments,
 And many more ; but yet their sad relents
 In silence I will bury, lest that I
 Sould you offend through their prolixity :
 But being lancht into the Sea of care,
 The Galley of my passions I'gan steere
 And row to Land-ward, but the raging waves
 Of these my torments, like so many graves,
 Were ready still for to devoure me
 Up in the bowells of their misery ;
 And coupling mischiefes with their rowlings let,
 That I safe harbour in no wise could get :

Then

Then in chaffroning I did of *Leche* drinke,
 That of my us'd delights I did not thinke:
 I grew so pensive, and so wondrous sad
 That no delight in any thing I had;
 Sorrow and care they did their service tender,
 And wanton pleasure did her place surrender.
 Abstaïne I did from the sweet company
 Of my familiars, no society
 With my deare friends, did I from that time keepe,
 I'de worke enough to curse my Fate and weepe.
 No where I went, unlesse sometimes to Court,
 The *King* to visite, (not my selfe to sport.)
 But now my friends they had a great desire
 To know the reason why I did retire,
 And dayly question'd and enquir'd to know
 How I did fare; this did inforce me goe
 Unto the Court upon an Even-tide,
 And there as soone as that the King me spy'd.
 Having betwixt us past a Complement,
 He did invite me to a Tournament,
 Which by some Gallants who did oft resort
 His Grace to visite, some Signiors of the Court
 Was enterpriz'd; and howbeit that I
 Was more addicted to my privacy
 Than to assemblies, yet my will to obey
 I did enforce, and this to him did say,
 That since his Grace vouchsaf't me to command,
 I ready was, nor would his will with-stand.
 Wherefore the King, he certifi'd to me
 The manner of't, the day when it should be:
 The Terme prefix't, it being well-nigh come,
 That our attempts should truely then be done,
 I did intreate the King for to enioyne
 All the faire Ladies who at that same time
 Were resident in *Thebes* or the Court,
 For to repaire unto the Masking sport,
 As well as to the Tilting, and have sight
 Of the Nights Revells as the dayes delight:

It pleas'd him well, and I conceiv'd by this,
Lucenda to invite they would not misse,
 Great trouble then did my sad heart betide,
 My anguiſhes with ſuddaine hopes were priz'd;
 And at that instant I was farre more glad,
 Than other times I was accounted ſad.
 The Liſts being rear'd, and that his royall grace,
 With his faire conſort had poſſeſt their place,
 The Combatants, the ſignall given, 'gin
 To ranke themſelves, each hoping Fame to win;
 When by the Scaffold of the Queene I paſt,
 Checking my barbed Steed, who with a grace
 I cauſ'd curvete, to mount, to praunce, and leap,
 And bravely vault, and ſuch a meaſure keepe,
 That not a Dancer truer ſteps could trace,
 Though he ſhould traVERSE, hop, fall backe, or chaſe,
 For like a Kid he wantonly would ſkip,
 Then like a Barke, or elſe ſome well-rig'd Ship
 Which rides at Anchor, and doth rowling lye,
 He'de riſe and fall, yet onward would not flye:
 He ſprings, he leaps, then on two feete he ſtands,
 Then on all foure, then ſpurnes about the ſands;
 He neighes, he foames, he puffes, he blowes, he ſweats,
 And with his hooves the clayie ground he beats;
 Then round he runs, as he would make a ring
 Compos'd of Horſe-ſhoos; then his heeles he ſlings,
 Which ſtrikes the dirt into the gazers eyes,
 And makes a duſt which doth obſcure the ſkies:
 Stocke-ſtill he ſtands, then ſuddenly he runs
 With full carriere, then round about he turnes,
 And in his courſe he ſuddenly doth ſtop,
 And gently prauncing he doth ſideling trote.
 Thus managing my Steed, I ſuddenly,
 Through viſir of my Helmet chanc'd to ſpye
Lucenda's ſweet aſpect, whoſe face containes
 All rare perfections, and in her remains
 Th'abſtract of all beauty; oh this ſight
 How pleaſing was't! how full of ſweet delight!

Yet did I not discover the content
 That I receiv'd through fortunes blandishment;
 But hearken me friend, and I will now declare,
 And let thee know the embleme that I beare:
 A balance 'twas, a scale of which was green:
 The other blacke, a set of waights therein:
 The green scale high, the blacke scale very low,
 And on m' Impressa writ was this Motto.

*How light my hope doth way, you may discern
 How heavy sorrow, this to you may learne.*

Through Nights approach the Tourney had an end,
 Each one retires, their courses homeward bend:
 The King, Queene, Ladies, they returne to Court,
 The Knights disarme themselves for other sport:
 The masking houre time doth usher in;
 And then the Maskers they their sport begin:
 Some sit and talke, some others neatly trip
 With measur'd steps, and freely dance and skip,
 With those they will select but wretched I
 Afresh 'gan grieve, and waile my misery:
 Since that I saw my selfe to have such store
 Of sighes and sorrowes, but in comforts poore:
 Thus e'ne o'rewhelmed in the sea of griefe,
 Meerely despairing of the least reliefe,
 I rous'd my spirits, and I straight waies went
 Vnto *Lucinda*, and I did present
 My service to her, treating her to glance
 A gracious looke, and daigne with me to dance:
 To which she had not willingly condescended,
 If that the custome had not me befriended:
 Then up she rose, and gave me her faire hand,
 The touch whereof had power to command
 A fleeting soule, to stay his hasty flight,
 Thinking *Elysium* in her glorious sight:
 Who hath the skill of words for to expresse
 The joy, sorrow, griefe, and happinesse

I joyntly

I joyntly did conceive? how each did strive,
 For sometimes dying, I as soone revive :
 Like *Tantalus* I was afflicted still,
 I saw my helpes, but could not have my will,
 Which by the vest I wore, I did expresse,
 For on my Mancell broyder'd was this Verse,

*The dying man he doth exceed in griefe,
 Yet unkinde death to kill him doth deny:
 Himselfe he lives not, and for his reliefe,
 He seekes for death, who from him still doth flye*

The Dance ended, *Lucenda* she retires
 So nigh the Queene (crossing my desires)
 That 'twas impossible to conferre,
 But one or other would us over-heare :
 Wherefore I did resolve for to indite
 ▲ Letter to her, and in blacke and white
 To give her knowledge of those things, which I
 At that same present could not verbally :
 Then to a Ward-robe I my selfe with-drew,
 And there afresh my passions 'gan renew:
 For pen and paper I'de no sooner tane,
 But straight I felt my former burning flame ;
 Through heate of which I suffering cruell smart,
 With paine I wrot the torments of my heart.
 Ending my Letter, which in pleats most small
 I foulded up, returning therewithall
 Towards *Lucenda*, sliely dropping downe
 Into the traine of her embroyder'd Gowne:
 Yet this I could not act so cunningly,
 But she perceiv'd it with her rowling eye :
 Yet in respect and honour of the Queene
 She was constrain'd to pas't, as if unscene:
 Th' affects of my sad missive I'll repeat,
 And how my Lines in my behalfe did treat.

The Letter.

Had I, Lucenda, but such cause to right
 My wronged selfe, as I have cause to write;
 Doubtlesse I should my selfe most happy count,
 And sweete delights my sorrowes would surmount.
 But no, alas, all wisdom, wit, or might
 (By being thine) from me have tane their flight,
 And left me guarded with a troope of cares,
 Environ'd round with griefes, and grim dispaire:
 So that I doubt I never shall obtaine
 Thy gracious favour to assuage my paine:
 My words and lines have so much to thee shewne,
 That more to say, it is to me unknowne:
 There's onely this, if you my hope delay,
 My speech, my life, they both will soone decay.
 Alas, you may be surer of the ill
 For which I grieve, lament, and mourne still,
 Through my bewailings, or my brinish teares
 Than by my words; for they are mixt with feares:
 For whereas anguish doth overcome the heart,
 The eye supplies the tongue, and acts its part:
 Oh wretched man, in that estate I live,
 That to my selfe I know not what to give:
 For let my faith never so lively be,
 I finde reward a sluggard still to mee.
 Yet if you thinke, if that you should vouchsafe
 To grant me peace, (and so my life keepe safe)
 You should wage warre against your honour'd fame;
 Farre bet from me, I doe not thereat aime;
 Desire I doe not that you should afford,
 If it be your pleasure, unto me a word:
 Onely vouchsafe on me to cast your eye,
 For it's a kindnesse which will satisfie,
 And recompence all illls you ever have
 Conferr'd upon me, being of your slave.
 Oh sweete Lucenda cease, give o're to be
 Unto my selfe so harsh an enemy;

For if you will that Death an end shall give
 Unto my life, I have no minde to live :
 Thus without trouble we may both consent,
 Or much dispute, agree and be content.
 But Sweet consider, if you cause me die,
 You will be branded with base infamy ;
 And the report of your ill actions, they
 Will not so lightly cease or flye away,
 So long as time shall last, or flye with wings,
 Or the continuance be of mortall things,
 There will be mention of thy cruelty,
 And of my end, caus'd through thy tyranny.
 Oh follow Reason, and esteeme thou wilt
 That it's ill done to punish where's no guilt,
 Unlesse you thinke that he doth so deserve
 A punishment, who doth you love and serve.
 In such a case its you have onely might,
 And I must suffer be it wrong or right.
 But since you told me that you doe believe
 That I you love, and thereto credit give,
 Why read my Letter, and then call to minde
 The paine & suffer, 'cause you are unkinde,
 For sure I am if that my torments were
 Presented to you, whisper'd in your eare,
 You'd have more cause your rigour to repent,
 Than to continu't to my detriment.
 Or were the passions, which to give y' ave pleas'd,
 In equall balance with my service peas'd,
 Certaine I am that then you would confesse
 To have no reason much joy to expresse,
 Or boasting brag of the great prise you gaine,
 Which through my losse you winning doe obtaine.
 But to conclude, my Letter for to end,
 I doe intreate that I no more may send.
 But that this now may be the last ; for why,
 The presence's able for to verifie
 That which the Paper may faile to rehearse,
 It wanting teares my sorrows to expresse :

*Oh daigne to see me otherwise, I shall
Desire death to ease me out of thrall.*

Answer to the Traveller.

M'Epistle being in the custody
Of faire *Lucenda*, I did long to see
How she would use't, for this intent did I
With stedfast looke fixe still on her my eye;
Yet could I nought perceive the which might ease
My longing thoughts, or my expectance please:
For still the doubts I had, or the mistrust
Expell'd my hopes, and then obey I must.
Besides my selfe I was, yea, so amaz'd,
My friend I answer not to what he sayes,
But in a shivering passion I conferr'd,
And trembling voice which from the purpose err'd,
Alas I had any but approacht, my heart
Panting for life, o'recome with cruell smart,
They might have knowne that unkind Loves assaults
Did torture me for her offensive faults.
Now Silver'd *Cynthia* in her spangled spheare
Gan to decline, and not to shine so cleare;
And Nights blacke Queene had almost run her race,
For she from farre might spy *Aurora's* face,
Which gave an end unto the Maske and sport,
And every one returned home from Court:
Some in their Coaches, some on foot depart.
But I addicted rather to my smart,
Than to repose my selfe, I having scene
Lucenda bid good-night unto the Queene,
In my disguised habite I did trace
Her Angell-foot-steps to her dwelling-place.
Nor did I leave her there, but did aspire
To mount her Chamber, being a storie higher;
And being there, I then did strive to see
What would the issue of my Letter be:
But all the while that I with her did stay,
I could not see her to my sight display

A piece of Paper. Barr'd of my desire,
 My hope being frustrate, I did then retire :
 But watchfull Love, who never falls asleepe,
 With sundry thoughts awake did strive to keepe
 My drowfie selfe, and so he chas't away
 My quiet slumbers : but as soone as Day
 I saw to peepe, (and that the *Negro* Queene
 Was fled away, for feare she should be seene
 Of bright *Apollo*, whose bright beames did shine
 Through my Glasse-windows, as he 'gan to clime
 Th' Easterne Hills with his fire-breathing Teeme,
 Whose hoofes like Brasse, or else like Gold did seeme)
 Vnto her Mansion I my Page then sent
 To make a search, but 'twas with this intent,
 Onely to see if he should chance to finde
 Some pieces of th' Embassage of my minde.
 For this discovery I did him encharge
 No place to leave unsought, to looke at large
 In every corner, with great heed to pry
 In common roomes, and those of privacy,
 Not to passe by the place where they did use
 To cast their ordure, that of all to chuse :
 My Page his duty did, yet could not he
 Bring any newes the which might flatter me,
 Or cause me hope, and so extenuate
 The burning flame of my prodigious Fate.
 But like to *Sisyphus* I rowle a Stone,
 And turne a whirling Wheele like *Ixion* :
 The further still I went some helpe to finde,
 I found it absent, staying still behind,
 So that I could not hide my flaming fire,
 Kindled by Love, continu'd by Desire,
 But 'twas perceived through the sweltry smoake
 Of my hot sighs, which did me well-nigh choake :
 And the consuming flame, by which my heart
 Did suffer torments yond *Perillus* Art.
 This caus'd me grow so wondrous solitary,
 That I kept house, being of my selfe a weary :

But

But then my Sister, who *Belisa* hight,
 In my misfortunes claim'd a part, as right
 Belonging to her, and with me would share,
 And so a world of sorrow for me beare.
 For on a day as we did both devise,
 She burst out teares, which flowed from her eyes
 In such abundant manner, as if all
 The rainy showers had beene forc't to fall;
 Beseeching me the cause not to conceale
 Of my sad sorrow, but it to reveale.
 Her plaints did move me that I was compell'd
 To manifest, what I would faine have held
 Secret and private; yet e're I did't rehearse,
 Drying her eyes these words she did expresse.

Belisa to Arnalte.

O Dearest Brother, for loves sake I pray
 No longer hide thy sorrows, now display
 The very truth, and satisfaction give
 To my requests, and shew me why you grieve:
 For why so oft as I have thee demanded,
 Thou still found'st figments that thy selfe hadst fain'd:
 Consider if the truth you doe deny,
 Or paliate from me the verity;
 The love I beare thee, may with my regrets
 Be intermixt, and so at odds be set.
 That y' are my debtor you your selfe confesse,
 If that I love thee, thou maintain'st no losse,
 Returning love for love, and mutually
 In your affections make a sympathy:
 Reciprocall affection you returne,
 To recompense my kindnesse so bash burne
 In mutuall flames of that same sacred fire,
 Which love in breasts consanguin'd doth inspire,
 But by your words and speech you doe declaime
 That which in actions you doe not maintaine.
 You know full well that such pretences ought
 To be omitted, not to thinke such thoughts.

Let

Let me intreate thee on, my heart bestow
 The secretary-ship of all thy woe :
 For to whose trust ought you such things confide,
 If not to mine, whose loyalty y'ave tride?
 For sure you are, if you desire death,
 That I doe crave as soone to lose my breath.
 If you flye pleasures, and abhorre their sight,
 Mournings please me, and therein I delight.
 If care and travaile you affect or love,
 Rest I dispise, for it doth tedious prove.
 Thus your afflictions, and my ills alike,
 Torment one heart, with tortures on it strike.
 Now if you are advis'd, resolv'd to calme
 These wherling surges, safely steere the helme;
 By whose assistance can you't easier doe,
 Than by her helpe, who for your hap doth sue?
 Your griefes t'unload, if that you daigne or please,
 We'le joyntly beare them, so shall you have ease.
 If't be your pleasure that we waile and weepe,
 We'le nought else doe, our eyes in teares we'le steepe.
 Shall we each other comfort, moane your smart?
 I am content, be't so with all my heart.
 Will y'ave it hidden, or at least conceal'd?
 We'le keepe it close, it shall not be reveal'd.
 If you desire some helpe for to effect,
 To ease your selfe, I will it not neglect.
 Then shew not such small love to her I pray,
 Whose chiefe observance is thee to obey.
 Believe not that your flye pretences can
 O're-come my judgement, though you are a man.
 Your sighes betray you, and they manifest,
 What of your selfe you strive not to confesse:
 Reason doth tell, that love ought not to be
 Lesse in expression than fraternity.
 Death would most pleasing be, should I my life
 Lose for to ease thee, rid thee out of strife:
 For I perceive thy sufferings are so strong,
 The'le cut thee off, not let thee live too long.

Oh rowse thy spirits, recover strength, you'le finde
 Fortune proves crosse, unlucky, and unkind
 Vnto her Darlings; to the Caitiffe she's
 The chiefeft hope to ease his miseries.
 If so unstedfast she's, so variable,
 Unconstant, wherling, never still unstable,
 And ke so fickle, that her Minions need
 Not blaze her favours, or her noble deeds;
 Ne're doubt her kindnesse, doe not too much care,
 Of her good-will I wish you not dispaire.
 Her wheele still turnes, and dayly she imparts
 Some accidents to one or others hearts.
 The saddest man you know doth mitigate
 His vexing sorrow, if he doe't relate
 Vnto his friend; for through the recreation
 Of words, oft-times torments lose their station.
 Sorrow doth inward swell if but conceal'd,
 But if disclos'd, it may perhaps be heal'd:
 Thus if the Keyes of these my counsells may
 Vnlocke thy helps, and thereto make thee way,
 Refuse them not; or doe you take delight
 On your afflictions to thinke day and night,
 Your precious time wastfully expending
 By parlying to your selfe, yet no good tending?
 I know (believe me) that the hidden flame
 Which you reveale not, it doth but enflame
 Thy soule with torments, and that obscur'd fire
 Doth burne thy heart with coales of hot desire:
 Whereas the sorrows which you did expresse,
 Through utterment their paine is growne more lesse.
 In what degree thy torments be, or are,
 In their concealement there's more danger farre
 Than to detect them, specially to me,
 Who in my heart doe beare and owe to thee
 More love and friendship than my tongue can shew,
 Or words expresse, or thoughts conceive to know.
 Now fearing least that I too farre presume,
 I le at this present cease to importuns

*Thee with my treaties, leave off my requests,
And end discourse, and to my words give rest.*

Arnalte to Belisa.

MY sister pausing, I did this reply :
Thy passion sister moves me to comply
Vnto thy will, and forces me declare,
What by my gesture doth most plaine appeare :
But I am urg'd, more through thy earnestnesse,
Than my owne will, to answer thy requests.
Had I not seene these thy unfained teares,
Thou ne're hadst heard this answer with thy cares.
Yet e're I ought relate, I thee intreat,
When as my tongue my sufferings shall repeat,
Not to disturbe thy selfe ; for sooner I,
Then leave my purpose, am resolv'd to dye.
Then thus it is, my selfe I doe not know
By what strange meanes, but I was forc'd to bow,
And yeeld my selfe to Loves all-conquering Lawes,
Without provisoes, or a helping clause ;
To which my fortune hath me so confin'd,
That nought but trouble I doe daily find :
For my sad heart's besieg'd, environ'd round
With many torments, who would me confound.
A thousand sobs guard my distressed heart,
As many sighes their vexing aide impart :
Millions of woes, like bands of armed Knights,
Stop up the passage of my sweete delights ;
Which siege still dures, and in that cruell wise,
That all th'opposment that I can devise,
Whether in mining with my deepest thoughts,
Or climbing Ladders by aspiring wrought,
Cannot obtaine a wisht for victory.
For love opposes, proves an enemy
Vnto my fortune, who doth faintly strive
Against th'incounters, which love fiercely drives.
Oh thus it is, if death doe not lend succour,
Too late 'twill bee, if else where I't recover:

Why then, deare sister, doe not grieve I pray,
 Or vexe thy selfe, though sorrow should me slay,
 But rather joy, since thou hast a brother,
 Who can his sorrowes, and his torments smother.
 If ought thou'lt do wherewith thou wilt me pleasure,
 Dry up those teares, which trickle out of measure
 Along thy cheekes, bedewing thy faire face,
 Where love and beauty sit with equall grace:
 If teares would helpe me, I'de alone deplore,
 I need no partner, for of teares I've store.
 But since these watry streames, which over-flow
 Like rising *Nilus*, cause but passion grow;
 Farre better 'tis to let thy Sluces downe,
 And stop their fury, least they doe thee drowne.
 Two different Planets reigned at our births,
 Mine prophes'd sorrow, thine presaged mirth:
 For all the pleasure that I'de seeke or chuse,
 I'de turne it over to thy proper use,
 'Cause justly it to thee doth appertaine;
 For care and travaile, I doe nought else claime;
 And can more stoutly beare them and resist
 Them manfully, and spight their force subsist
 With farre more vigour than thou canst expresse:
 For in thy heart there is no roome to rest
 Or harbour such afflictions, be content
 For these my reasons, and I pray consent
 That we may live, my selfe in sad distresse,
 And thou in joy and true happinesse.
 If this you contradict, or else oppose,
 I shall believe that you professe but shoves,
 Not wishing me the good you doe expresse,
 Since to my will you proove to be adverse:
 Doubling my woes, causing my paine to thrive
 Through thy bewailings: oh practise, learne, strive
 To o'recome thy sorrow, cease henceforth to grieve,
 Or moane the paine wherein I tortur'd live,
 Else shall I have more cause for to lament,
 Feeling more sorrow linkt with discontent.

My Sister seeing that no otherwise
 I her requests did answer satisfice,
 Did then intend not to sollicite more
 To know the reason why I did deplore :
 But cunningly resolved for to find
 The sad effects of my disturbed minde,
 And to search out with slye subtilties
 The hidden Spring from whence my paines did rise.
 For endlesse woes did still associate me,
 And vexing sorrows kept me company.
 My Sister then she was no sooner gone,
 But I gave way to let my grieve come on
 More freely then I ever did afore,
 Which I did cherish dayly more and more :
 What anguishes, what torments did acquaint
 M'afflicted heart which did through sorrow faint
 With their hard usage, and their cruell power,
 Turning my sweet into a bitter sower !
 During the which I ne're could take my rest.
 I was borne wretched, and did live opprest ;
 But being got on sorrows highest staire,
 Arrived at the period of dispaire,
 I then remembered how on a certaine time
 I had reveal'd unto a friend of mine,
 (A Gentleman, and my familiar mate)
 The love I beare *Lucenda*, and the state
 Wherein I liv'd, and how that he did strive
 That loving humour from my minde to drive :
 For which occasion since I had not beene
 To shew my minde, or else to speake with him,
 Weighing the danger that might so arise,
 For well I knew in such necessities
 And weighty matters, if a man disclose
 His secret thoughts (although he doe suppose
 It's to his friend) he may the hazard run,
 His hope to frustrate, and so overturne
 His expectation ; for through secrecie
 The Lover's crown'd with true felicity.

Yet ne'r thelesse casting these doubts aside,
 I did conclude once more for to unhide
 To him of whom I speake all my affections,
 Hoping he'd pittie give me some directions.
 What me emboldned, was because that he
 Next neighbour was unto *Lucenda* she :
 Were I lodg'd where this my friend did dwell,
 I then might see and please my eye-sight well :
 For which intent I sent to pray him come
 To visite me, which straight of him was done.
 Then at's arrivall, I the cause did show
 For which I caus'd him come, and let him know
 The confidence and trust I did repose
 In him my friend, these secrets to disclose.
 For this he thank't me very lovingly;
 And whereas he before did often try
 For to divert me from my fixt intent,
 My minde to alter, which to love was bent,
 He now gave notice that he did approve
 To lend me succour to obtaine my love :
 Which to effect, more pittie to infuse
 Within his breast, these words I then did use.

Answer to Yerso.

Yerso, my faithfull truest friend, if I
 At this same present unto the discry
 Perspicuously the things which till this time
 In clouds of silence have obscured beene,
 It is thy vertue, and the confidence
 I have of thee that moves me to commence't :
 Be not displeas'd, nor take it ill in part,
 That I so long have linger'd to impart ;
 For well you know that Silence is esteem'd
 In *Cupid's* Palace, and unwise he's deem'd
 Who blabs Loves secrets : this then wrought in me
 A thousand thoughts, which your benignity
 Has chast away ; and now (deare friend) at length
 I feele my anguish to abate its strength ;

Since

Since thus it is, where may I better rest
 My secret thoughts than in thy noble breast;
 Sith that thy vertue and thy amity
 Are both agreed, to guard them carefully.
 Then friend and brother, I to thee declare,
 'Gainst life and death I wage a tedious warre;
 Death I encounter, 'cause he'le not obey,
 Life I oppose, 'cause she stands in my way.
 This cruell conflict it beganne, when as
Lucenda's father from this life did passe:
 Then first I saw her, and since that time
 Continu'd without meanes for to combine
 A friendly peace or truce, for love seeing
 Me so submisse, my chiefeſt practice being
 In due obſervance of her ſtrict commands,
 Or true performance of her ask't demands:
 With all his might wounded my (love-sicke) heart
 With burning Shafts, and hot impoyſon'd darts,
 So that his Combate being wondrous rude,
 And my resistance weake, I was purſu'd
 Even unto death; for his assaults have beene
 Without ceſſation, or a finiſhing:
 And my defence unto ſo poore an end,
 That thoſe who ſhould have beene my trueſt friends,
 They have betraid me, and forſaken me,
 To ſhroud themſelves in more ſecurity;
 For hope renounc'd me, helpe did from me flye,
 Reason ſhe ſhun'd me, ſuccour came not nigh.
 Now if you thinke, becauſe I this propound,
 That in my wits I am not well, or ſound,
 Believe me (*Verſo*) I ſhould ſo poſſeſſe,
 Had I no ſence, a reall happineſſe.
 Were I unwitting of my overthrow,
 I for my loſſe ſhould feele no paine or woe;
 Were I of wit and reaſon both bereaved,
 I ſhould not feare or queſtion'd to be healed:
 And ſo not hoping, I ſhould not diſpaire
 Of eaſe, or helpe, for which I now doe care.

Thus

Thus dearest friend, thou see'st what that I am,
 How to my selfe no safeguard lend I can,
 Vnlesse the Bands of thy most kind affections,
 And armed troopes of thy well-wisht directions
 Doe me assist, and undertake to guard
 My wretched heart, which from all helpe is barr'd.
 Vpon a meanes I've thought, which to effect
 To sweet content may truely me direct.
 For since thy lodging doth so neare adjoyne
 Vnto *Lucendas*, whose sweet lookes enjoyne
 My dazel'd sight her aspect to behold,
 (Which shames *Apollo* though he shine like Gold)
 I crave deare friend that thou wilt suffer me
 For to inhabite some few Monerhs with thee.
 For all the joy and the blisse I crave,
 Is but a prospect of her face to have:
 Then I entreate thee that thou'lt not deny
 To lend me helpe my minde to satisfie;
 For, for this purpose I have for thee sent,
 That being acquainted with my fixt intent,
 Thou might'st assist me, I implore thy aide:
 For thou a meanes of great god *Love* wert made.
 And cause I credit you have more desire
 For to befriend me than I can require,
 I'll cease to parley, or to urge you more,
 And end my suite, and my requests give o're.

Answer of Yerso to Arnalte.

OF thee, and to thee *Arnalte* I complaine,
 Since in your breast you harbour and retaine
 Doubt and suspicion, with the fiend distrust,
 And that of me more-o're taxe you I must,
 Since you transgresse the limits of affection,
 Seeking strange wayes, and not your friends protectio.
 Ill done it was so long for to obscure,
 Or hide from me the ills you doe endure:
 Put case it's thus, that Loves ordained Lawes
 Binde you to silence, not to blab your cause;

You

You may be pittie'd, but no way reliev'd,
 If you conceale your paine, you being griev'd :
 For 'tis a Maxime, and most true indeed,
 'Who spare to aske, must likewise spare to speed.
 Thou maist, *Arnalte*, this thy selfe assure,
 The griefe of thy afflictions will endure
 More constant with me than my words to plaine,
 Or to condole thy sorrowes and thy paine.
 But could thy torments but divided be,
 I'd be a partner in thy misery:
 Yet what in actions cannot be exprest,
 Shall be accomplish'd through my willingnesse.
 Thou dost declare, that in the splendent eyes
 Of bright *Lucenda* treason hidden lyes,
 Which traiterously thy life doth overthrow,
 From those faire eyes my cares doe likewise grow :
 For if in thee shee moves afflicting passion,
 My life she ruines with a strange destruction.
 Yet to the end our wills may both accord,
 (Free from discordance, of true friends abhor'd)
 From this day forward I will banish quite
 The thought of her who us'd me to delight :
 Assuring you that Ile conclude a peace
 To pleasure thee, and cause my war to cease,
 Though it doe grieve me very vehemently,
 Ile it effect to gaine my liberty,
 And turne thee over to the bondage which
 Thou dost desire, satisfie thy wish;
 And that the rather, 'cause I will secure
 My liberty, for of no hap I'me sure ;
 By my retreat I shall infranchis'd be,
 And you'll remaine still in captivity.
 Thou pray'st me also that I'de thee advise,
 Receive thy plaints, and listen to thy cries :
 If from my counsaile could such profit grow,
 As flowing teares from thy sad sorrowes, know
 Thou shouldst be healed straight, exempted free
 From ill or paine, or any misery.

But let me tell thee, I am rapt with wonder,
 That thou'dst be vanquisht, & by force brought under
 The cruell bondage of so weake a foe,
 Who will usurpe, and you must duty owe.
 And thou (brave spirit) who art memoriz'd
 For thy great acts above the lofty skies,
 Thou art enthralled, alas, now confin'd
 Vnto the will of a weake womans minde.
 Oh call to minde how thy bright shining fame
 Will be ecclipsed, if thou dost this same,
 And thy rare worth, how will it blasted be
 With the report of shamefull infamy?
 Flye these abuses, and couragiously
 Resist fond love with valour manfully.
 Nor say I this because I would dehort
 Thee from thy purpose, or at least exhort
 Thee not to love; for I would have thee dare
 To cherish it, but with a pallid feare:
 And seeking shun it, wish, yet not crave,
 For to enjoy what you doe wish to have.
 Or would I have thee all at once expell
 Love from thy heart, (affections chieftest cell)
 For then thou wouldst as great a hazard runne,
 As it appeares thou hast already done
 Through thy consentment: since thou dost obey
 To love false soothings, or his flatt'ring laye.
 Love is a cheater, he pretends most faire,
 In stead of hap he'le leave you nought but care:
 Who loves him least, and doth him most neglect,
 His Lawes reward him with a due respect.
 I am perswaded you'de doe wondrous well,
 Should you repeat, and plainely to him tell
 The basenesse of his deedes, how shamelesse he
 Abuseth thee through his base treachery.
 Let no dispaire too much with thee reside,
 And have a care how you doe love confide.
 Consider Hope, how it is her condition,
 Though things seeme easie, not to grant fruition:

Regard

Regard how Fortune, though she be unstable,
 Gives end to things unstedfast, variable :
 And thus *Lucenda*, Authresse of thy woe,
 In time she may some pittie to thee show,
 And please thy senses, with her Organ voyce
 Revive thy spirits, and thy heart rejoyce :
 Now if you will advised by me be,
 Thou shalt obtaine what seemeth hard to thee.
 Come to my house, use it, oh doe not stand
 On termes I pray, it is at your command :
 Thou hast me injur'd, having all this time
 Delay'd it, thou knowing I am thine :
 But 'cause hence-forward Ile more carefull be,
 To cure thy wounds, applying remedy,
 Than to prove tedious with my words or talke,
 Ile silent be : and now wilt please you walke ?

Arnalte to the Traveller.

THus friend y'ave heard the answer *Yerfo* made,
 But when he plained of this sweet vertuous maid,
 Renowned *Lucenda*, I began to swell,
 Being impoyson'd with a fiend of Hell.
 Suspition scorcht me, raging jealousie
 Did burne my heart, which in hot flames did frie :
 But howsee're I made no outward show,
 How that the fire inwardly did glow :
 For I conjectur'd that these fantasies
 From too much love and fondnesse did arise,
 Somtimes I doubt him, which being scarcely thought,
 Those thoughts I banish, set them all at nought,
 And then I way his kindnesse, and his proffer :
 Our ancient friendship, how he neare did offer
 The least unkindnesse, and I then imbrace,
 To make his house my dwelling for a space.
 The giddy Moone did scarcely three times run
 Her mighty course, or hath the glorious Sun
 (With fiery Steeds, and flaming Chariot hurl'd)
 Thrice bid good-morrow to the nether world,

Whilst here I sojourn'd ; but I straight perceiv'd
 I was defrauded, and, alas, deceiv'd :
 For though I watcht, or heedfully did look,
 I could not see her, though this paines I tooke.
 Thus worse and worse my paines did daily grow,
 And in so many kindes I did it shew,
 That divers people did thereof take note,
 That variously they did of it report,
 And that so publicke, that my sister deare,
 The kinde *Belisa*, came of it to heare ;
 And she considering of my present paine,
 And future ills I might at length sustaine,
 With care endeavour'd, adding all her skill,
 To finde the reason of my grieving ill.
 Through her intreaties she did so much learne,
 That she did see, perceive, and eke discern,
 That all my woes and paines they did arise
 From the faire fountaines of the Christall eyes
 Off sweete *Lucenda* ; thus resolv'd, she speeds
 To finde her out which caus'd my heart to bleed,
 Alt'ring her course of life, striving to be
 Farre more familiar than she wont to be
 With Dame *Lucenda*, though long since 'twixt them
 Love and affection had conversant beene,
 The daies great King, bright-ey'd *Hiperion*,
 In golden triumph brightly shining runne
 His wonted Progresse o're and o're againe,
 Himselfe to bathe in the coole Westerne Maine,
 E're that my sister could gaine swift-wing'd time
 To be propitious unto her designe.
 But on a day, about the time which we
 Call the *Meridian*, when the Sunne we see
 With hottest raies, and fiery breath to cliime
 Th' Ecclipticke Pole, my sister then did dine
 With faire *Lucenda*, and then dinner past,
 Shee did retire with her welcome guest
 To a with-drawing roome, there to repose,
 Where when they were my sister this disclos'd.

Belisa to Lucenda.

Courteous *Lucenda*, vertues chiefest heire,
 Our Sexes glory, for there's none so faire:
 Oh let thy goodnesse as transparent be,
 As those bright beames which in your eyes we see:
 Thy wonted prudence and thy wisdom use,
 Be not offended, all distaste refuse;
 Oh taxe me not, although I should offend
 Thee with my words, my dearest, dearest friend.
 Deare taxe me not of indiscretion,
 For any word the which my trembling tongue
 Shall utter to thee, if you apprehend
 Aright my meaning, I shall be esteem'd
 And prais'd, I hope rather, then to be told
 That I presume, offend, or am too bold:
 And that the rather, 'cause anothers griefe
 Emboldneth me to plead for his reliefe.
 Give eare *Lucenda*, and you then shall know,
 That it's long since that sorrow, paine, and woe
 Thrives with my brother, and the sacred Lampe
 Of his rich health, burnes smothering in a dampe:
 So that all helpe which we to him apply
 Effects no cure, it proveth contrary.
 Now knowing this, and seeing that the date
 Of his sicke life was e'ne exterminate
 Through vehement paine, and cruell killing smart,
 Which rents his breast, and teares in two his heart;
 Him I besought with sighes, and teares, and cryes,
 For to reveale, discover to my eyes
 His hidden passions, which did e'ne exhale
 His fainting breath (to pufte up *Charons saile*)
 But all I did could not, alacke, prevaile;
 He still was silent, though I weepe or waile.
 But I at length through slye suspition found,
 Of all his cares the true and perfect ground:
 And still inquiring, I did finde this out,
 (Conjecture, aiding, and distrustfull doubt)

That thou the motive art which doth attract
 His dying heart, with blinde loves torments rackt :
 And eke the meanes consisteth friend in thee
 To heale his paine, release, and set him free.
 Now to assure your sel fe that all is true
 Which I expresse, declare, and tell to you,
 No other prooffe you neede, but the complaints
 I move, of him whose soule with sorrow faine.
 Had I not scene the dang'rous storme wherein
 His life's nigh ship-wrack't, I would not have bin
 So unadvised rash, for to complaine
 Of the afflictions which he doth sustaine.
 A great desire I moreover have
 To doe him service, and his life to save;
 For if my will resist, why straight I finde;
 His sad disasters to divert my minde,
 And my true love, and unfeign'd affection,
 If that I erre grants me a true direction :
 And this I vow, could but my life release
 Him from afflictions, to his heart give ease,
 I'de not respect it, I would lay it downe,
 His wounded heart with future blisse to crowne.
 You know the fruit the last Plague did us yeeld,
 How *Charon* waisted to th' *Elisian* fields
 Our honour'd Parents ; will you likewise act
 A Tragedy as grievous, and as blacke,
 As full of horreur, to the utter ruine
 Of all our Linage, and our house undoing ?
 Yet if so cruell you your selfe expresse,
 You will receive small praise, you must confesse.
 Avouch I can, and this affirme indeed,
 If you deny to helpe him now in need,
 Care-freeing death will to his paine give rest,
 And ease his life, which now is but opprest.
 Consider but how deeply you are bound
 Vnto his love, which is most pure and sound :
 For though you him disdain, his suit neglect,
 Still, still he loves you, owes you all respect.

And

And since to him these toyleſome labours ſeeme
 Full of delight, and care he quiet deemes,
 For there's not any one ſo well acquainted
 With your Conditions, with unkindneſſe tainted.
 You are beholding in a high degree,
 Unto his faithfull love and conſtancy.
 Nor is this all, for it doth plaine appeare
 He doth reſpect your honour, truly feare
 To taxe your worth, for he with pleaſure fain's
 To undergoe his ſorrowes and his paines :
 And though his burthen might fit *Atlas* backe,
 With conſtancy he beares the heavy packe.
 Then doe not daigne to let ſuch loyalty
 To faile or periſh, unrewarded dye ;
 Which if you ſuffer, then the Sisters three,
 The Goddeſſes of Mortalls deſtinies,
 They'le cut his thred, and ſo he'le end his daies
 To your diſhonour, his ne're dying praiſe :
 Since now you may diſ-ranke the mighty bands
 Of his ſtrong paſſions, quench the fiery brands
 Of burning love, if onely you will daigne
 To ſend ſome Lines, ſubſcribed with your name ;
 For Loves ſake grant it, and you then ſhall have
 Of me your friend a moſt ſubmiſſive ſlave.

Lucenda to Belifa.

Deare friend *Belifa*, let not any doubt
 Poſſeſſe thy thoughts, ſuſpition baniſh out ;
 Nor doe not thinke that thou ſhalt taxed be
 For any thing thou haſt reveal'd to me :
 Nor is thy honour blemiſh't, or thy fame
 So much as ſpotted with a ſmutch or ſtaine :
 It is as pure as the *Pirenian* ſnow,
 As bright as *Lillies* in their milke-white howes.
 This to affirme, I my Conſcience call,
 And thy renowne well knowne in generall.
 Put caſe y'ad wrong'd me with your paſſed words,
 Your baſhfulneſſe and modeſty affords

As soone redresse ; thus you ought rather mourne
 For your deare brother, with affliction torne,
 Than to excuse the fault that's not committed,
 But 'tis your goodnesse, and you ought be pittie'd.
 Oh how it grieves me that my answer can't
 Yeeld thee no comfort, or with't solace grant !
 I make no question of thy brothers paine,
 And lesse I wonder that for him you plaine.
 Now if he will, what you doe say he will,
 That is, consent my minde for to fulfill,
 Himselfe shall act it, but provided this,
 That to my worth it no dishonour is :
 For I as much my honour must respect,
 As you his life ; (nor I his life neglect)
 For well you know, if Ladies doe consent
 Vnto th'allurings, and the blandishment
 Of sighing Lovers, then their fame will be
 Ecclips'd in Clouds of shamefull infamy.
 Oh doe not crave that I should act that which
 Your selfe would shunne : (our honours prejudice)
 Are you unwitting of the sacred light
 Of my pure vertues, would grow darke as night,
 Should I enflame with my pure Virgin fire
 The waxen Taper of the hot desire
 Of thy deare brother? would to God that this
 Thou hadst not mention'd, since so grave it is.
 Alas, alas, how oftentimes have I
 Wish't this my beauty were deformity ?
 How oft have I, when I have beene alone,
 Bewayld his teares with teares, & moan'd his moan?
 Since that his thoughts doe mount, and aime so high,
 That they e'ne reach impossibility,
 As great a mind I have, as much desire
 Him to assist, as you have to require :
 And if that ought his safety could procure,
 My Fame exempted, I would it endure:
 But since my losse must prove to be his gaine,
 I cannot helpe him, would I ne're so faine.

This

This let him know, as also that I grieve
 For his hard chance, yet cannot him relieve.
 Now if my answer doe not satisfie
 Thy expectations, doe not taxe me, why ?
 There is no fault in me, my honour blame ;
 For could I helpe him I would doe the same.
 Oh taxe me not *Belisa* of ill-will :
 Nor doe thou blame me, I have done no ill.

Answer to the Traveller.

With quicke returne my sister to me came
 From faire *Lucenda* (whose transcendent name
 I ever honour) this she certifi'd ;
 But yet her answer she from me did hide,
 Thinking at length t' imprint into my minde
 That for my good, which now did prove unkinde.
 Yet all her words they could me not perswade,
 Nor would I credit ought, though't did invade
 My pensive breast ; for what my sister told,
 'Twas ambiguous, 'surance did not hold
 League with her fictions ; for if the effect
 Proves false or feign'd, it cannot truth direct.
 These sundry reasons mov'd me to suppose
 My sister had not gain'd what she prepos'd.
 Then sad dispaire did straight possesse my breast,
 And expel'd hope of any helpe or rest :
 Thus destitute of any meanes to ease,
 M' afflicted minde, or sorrowes to appease,
 I did resolve to faine, as if at nought
 I priz'd *Lucenda*, not to cherish thought
 Of her perfections ; for I notice had
 She carelesse was, and void of all regard
 Concerning my afflictions ; m' unkinde Fate
 Shee did not taxe, or once compassionate.
 But to the purpose, my resolv'd intent
 I executed, made experiment,
 Praying my sister for to certifie
 Vnto *Lucenda*, that hence-forward I

Would take lesse paines, my selfe for to confine
 Vnto her service, though she seem'd Divine.
 And that hereafter I would learne to live
 Like to my selfe, and not my freedome give
 Unto a Lady, who did disregard
 My life and love, and gave me no reward:
 My sister said a word she would not misse,
 Yet e're she went I her advised this,
 That she should marke, and with a curious eye
 Observe the blushes of her Phisiny:
 And above all, when that she should declare
 Her message to her, then to have a care
 For to behold the lookes which she should glance,
 With the mutations of her countenance:
 For by the gesture one may sooner finde,
 Than by the words the meaning of the minde;
 And by the colour that doth come and goe,
 The hearts intentions one may plainly know.
 As also to regard when she should cease,
 If that *Lucenda* too should hold her peace;
 Or else make shew as if shee did not care
 For all the love or honour I her beare:
 And if she should respond whether it were
 Suddaine or doubtfull, utter'd with a feare:
 For hard it is such things for to obscure,
 If love be perfect, or affection pure.
 Now did my sister, having understood
 My will and pleasure, write in lines of blood
 Within her heart, and lodged in her minde,
 What I had told her, and then went to finde
 Vertuous *Lucenda*; who when sh'ad found,
 The place consenting, this she did propound.

Belisa to Lucenda.

IF my requests have caus'd as much distaste
 To thee *Lucenda*, as I am shame-fic't
 Tintreate them of thee, then I marvaile much
 Your clemency and goodnesse should be such

As to regard me, and most graciously
 For to forgive so great an injury ;
 Yet howsoever it is so ordain'd,
 That the harsh torments of the Captive, and
 My loving brother, moove and cause in thee,
 Unquiet anger, and disturbers be .
 Of thy sweete thoughts, and my earnest suing
 As irksome to thee as my brothers woing.
 The love I beare him it compelling me,
 And trusting in thy vertuous courtesie,
 I have presum'd my selfe for to present
 Before thy face with his sad strain'd laments.
 Heare then I pray thee, and with me beare part,
 Since without them I live without a heart.
Lucinda know my brother doth intend
 No more to love thee, but to give an end
 Vnto those thoughts, that he himselfe may free
 From servitude, and gaine his liberty :
 Although the beauty and the lovely grace,
 With the perfections of thy pleasing face,
 Have fetter'd him in chaines of wilfull love,
 And strongly bound him that he scarce can move :
 Yet he doth say he'le do't, and forsake
 His Countrey too, and then his absence make
 An Arbitrator 'twixt thy cruelty
 And his true love, and constant loyalty :
 And thus exiled he doth hope to finde
 What you deny him, being still unkinde,
 But if you doe permit, or else consent
 To let him act this his resolv'd intent,
 Long after him I shall not live, but dye ;
 For after death my soule with his must flye.
 If he himselfe absent he cannot live,
 And I alone, who shall me comfort give ?
 And so forsaken, living desolate,
 Death will my light with speede extenuate :
 And thus shall I as disrespected be,
 As if I were thy mortall enemy,

You take more paines for to seeme mercifull,
 Than really for to be pittifull :
 For you reject the faithfull constancy
 Of your true friend, who doth continually
 With you more good than any living wight
 Can optate for you, to your sweete delight.
 Yet notwithstanding hath it ever beene
 Heard of, or knowne, or at least wise scene,
 That any one did ever gratifie
 Such generous actions with discourtesie ?
 Wou't have his minde be whole, his will be found
 When thou his heart with torments dost confound ?
 Let me entreat thee, (nay for love of me)
 New Lawes establish, and henceforth decree
 Other Injunctions to thy resolv'd will,
 And with unkindnesse doe not thou him kill.
 Nor speake I this t' incite thee to transgresse
 The bounded limits of thy vertuousnesse :
 But if you act what I to you propound,
 It to your praise and glory will redound :
 Since through your pittie you may save, relieve
 Two dying bodies, and their lives reprieve.
 Oh say not nay (deare friend) to my requests,
 Since that thy honour shall not be molested :
 Revolve unto thy selfe what will become
 Of my deare brother, if he abandon
 Thy company ; and what will eke betide
 To me (he absent) when alone I bide ?
 Take heede least you cause him precipitate,
 And my sad sorrow doe not exasperate.
 Oh call to minde, alas, doe not forget
 His griefe, my anguish, sweete now pittie it :
 For *loves* dread sake be not so obstinate,
 Selfe-wil'd, resolv'd, or so opinionate :
 Oppose thy will, but spotlesse, without staine
 Vnto thy honour, or thy vertuous fame :
 So shall you served be, honour'd, and I
 Have consolation in my misery.

Oh be not guilty of his overthrow,
 Nor causer of my cruell-killing woe :
 Strive to o'recome the passion of thy will,
 Withstand its rage, the fury of it kill :
 For all things govern'd by the wills direction
 Come home with losse, and not with gains protection.
 With my entreaties be not thou offended,
 But let me thus farre be of thee befriended,
 That thou wilt daigne some lines to recommend
 Vnto my brother, and that to this end,
 That the bright Taper of his living light
 Be not snufft out, and so his day made night :
 For 'tis against all reason, Law, or sence,
 To punish him who hath done no offence.

Lucenda to Belisa.

DRye up thy teares *Belisa*, weepe no more,
 Asswage thy passions, and thy grieve give o're,
 For from this day I will conformed be
 Vnto your will, and grant what you decree.
 Now would to God that I had not a tongue,
 Then with my words my selfe I should not wrong :
 And although the fault already is transgressed,
 Too credulous, my selfe I have exprest.
 Yet could I not withstand it, since thou wilt
 Take to thy selfe the blame of all my guilt ;
 Thy selfe oblieging for to set me free,
 Clad in white robes of pure innocency.
 Oh doe not bragging boast, or boasting vaunt
 Of what thy treaties have inforc't me grant :
 The trickling teares which from thy eyes did run,
 Like armed troopes, my will have overcome:
 Yet notwithstanding I delight doe take
 In my displeasure, since it recreates
 Thy pensive thoughts, and my affection's such,
 That ought for thee I cannot thinke too much:
 For if my losse thy gaine may prove to be,
 I doe desire to suffer it for thee ;

Intreating thee to grant me so much love
 As to obtaine it, you have treaties mov'd
 Not presently to vilifie; neglect
 The prize obtained with base disrespect:
 For 'tis a rule well knowne in generall,
 Most common too, and kindly unto all;
 That things not purchac'd we doe highly prize,
 But once obtain'd we doe them then dispise.
 Remember well, that from this present tide,
 You reduable are to me oblig'd.
 The longest day you live doe not forget
 The recompence to countervaille this debt.
 Consider how at this same present time
 My honours thred I doe untwist, untwine:
 Yet since I have my selfe thus hazarded
 To write unto him, I will have no dread,
 With this proviso, that my Letter give
 Peace to his warre, quietly cause him live.
 Oh would to God 'thad beene his sacred will,
 That at that time when I my heart did fill
 With the sad thought of this determination,
 (Imbracing sorrow with deliberation)
 That then the earth had gap'd, and swallow'd me
 Vp in her bowells of obscurity;
 For then had I beene eas'd by pale-fac'd death
 Of that which now will last whilst I have breath.
 My soule must suffer't, since commiseration
 Hath enterpriz'd against its selfe this action.
 And though *Belisa* I doe now repent
 Me of these things to which I doe consent,
 Yet have I not the power to revoke
 What I doe grant, because I would provoke
 Some joy to thee, also t'intermixe
 Mirth with the sorrow, in thy true heart fixt.
 Therefore will I give way that thy request
 Shall take possession of my pensive breast:
 And to the end that thou maist have a sight
 Of my pen'd-missive, Ile begin to write.

A Letter of Lucinda to Arnalte.

I Doe believe my Letter will not finde
 Thee, friend Arnalte, glader in thy minde,
 Than sad it left me : yet for to complaine
 I'de had no cause, had but my hand beene lame,
 Or else benumb'd, at that same instant, when
 It did touch paper with the well-nib pen,
 To write this missive, since it captives me,
 Thralling my freedome and my liberty ;
 Giving to thee that which I never thought,
 A gage too precious, where it ow'd thee nought.
 Bee not too prond, 'cause unto thee I write,
 Nor yet too sad, if henceforth to thy sight
 My Epistles come not ; let reason mitigate
 Thy present glory, and my missive take.
 With shewes well-temper'd give it entertain,
 With wise expressions ; doe not thou proclaime
 Thy inward ioy, bide it, and disguise
 Thy vehement love from all observing eyes.
 Remember well when as such victories
 Are published, that men then sacrifice
 Ladies bright honours, but since friends so well
 What's needfull for thee thou thy selfe canst tell :
 Be not lesse heedfull those things to direct,
 Which may assist me, or my fame protect :
 Still have before thy eyes, never forget,
 How thee to pleasure I my selfe neglect,
 Changing my Title : I who us'd to have
 Respect and honour, am become a slave,
 To favour thee, for I have hazarded
 My reputation, and a discord bred
 Within my selfe : for at that instant when
 You chant your glory, very, very then
 I waile and weepe, since I thee to content,
 Suffer great losse unto my detriment,
 Staining my honour, spotting of my fame
 With base aspersions, blasting of my name.

How oft have I with-drawne my trembling hand
 From off this paper, and gi'n strict command
 Unto my pen not one word more to write?
 Ah, but alas, who hath the strength or might
 For to withstand thy importunities,
 Or ward themselves from thy perswading cries?
 Thou hast gain'd rest unto thy labour now:
 For doubt assurance, and moreover thou
 Hast cause to glory, and thy selfe to glad,
 Since no occasion's left to make thee sad.
 Thy sister tells me thou wilt hence depart:
 I thee assure 'twould grieve me to the heart:
 For those who cannot any helpe expresse,
 Ought not direct men unto sad distresse.
 To tell the truth, I rather doe mistrust
 This is deceit, than reall, true, or just:
 Yet to deceive me if you did intend,
 I doe declare that thou hast gain'd thy end.
 But howsoever, I would have you know
 I understood it, though I made no show;
 And to the end you thinking to beguile
 Or circumvent me, you be not the while
 O're-reacht, defrauded; for full well I know,
 That amongst yee, who love, doe duty owe:
 When that by wiles you to the period come
 Of your designs, and slyly over-come
 Us female Creatures, thinke yee have atchiev'd
 A victory most highly to be priz'd.
 Deeme not thy selfe so subtile, nor thinke me
 So indiscreet, or simple for to be:
 But that I have perceiv'd it in that kinde,
 That more for pittie of thy vexed minde,
 Than dread of thee, these few lines I doe write,
 What you endure your sister doth recite.
 For she doth so assure me of thy paine,
 And with her teares likewise aver the same,
 That not alone I thereto credit give:
 For, for thy sufferings I both mourne and grieve,

And

*And in that wise that I would let thee know't
 By this my Letter which doth plainly shew't.
 Let this content thee, or else otherwise
 You may lose that which you have made your prize :
 Comfort thy selfe, and so thy selfe retire
 Into thy selfe, never more aspire
 To find me out with toyle some labour, why,
 Your long discourse, and the small time that I
 Can spare to heare it, will exasperate
 Afresh your sorrowes, and them aggravate.*

Answer to the Traveller.

SHe having this her Letter finished,
 She gav't my sister, who with swift-wing'd speed
 Made haste to finde me, being at that tide
 Into my Closet for a while retir'd :
 But when I saw her, I did by her gesture,
 What she did speake ; e're she it spoke conjecture.
 Then drawing nigh me, she began to tell
 I should not mourne, but my cares expell :
 For she did bring me what *Lucenda* had
 Concluded of them, thus bid me be glad.
 Wherefore she 'gan for to recite at last,
 What 'twixt *Lucenda* and her selfe had past ;
 And from her bosome she drew forth the Letter,
 Which did reprieve my life, and made me debter
 Still unto death : then holding't in my hand,
 I did along while pausing with it stand.
 Nor could I be perswaded it could be,
 That such good hap should happen unto me.
 Then kissing sweetely with a true respect
 That blessed Paper, and the snow-white necke,
 And Swan-like hands of my most dearest sister,
 I broke it open having often kist her :
 And then I read it, but who then had seene
 Me would have judg'd I had surprized beene
 With sweete delight, and easily have sed
 That pleasing pleasure had me ravished.

The vertue of that Letter did inflame
 More bright my fire, and I deem'd the same
 Beyond esteeme, and with excesse of joy,
 My soule was rapt in such an extasie,
 That it well nigh my body did forsake,
 For to give way that it more roome might make
 For these new joyes, and to entertaine
 Delight and pleasure in lieu of my paine.
 But having read it, and re-read it,
 Then found contentment and alacrity;
 Not too predominate, for grim dispaire
 As well as joy, claim'd an equall share:
 For when I thought my drooping selfe to glad,
 I lost my courage, for no hope I had.
 And if I would lament, why the good will
 Which she profest me, did oppose me still:
 So what to doe, alas I could not tell,
 My counsaile left me, doubt did with me dwell.
 But 'cause my griefes were farre more vehement
 Than all the joy, or the sweete content
 Her Letter brought me, I did then indite
 This answer to her, which I thus recite.

The Letter of *Arnalte* to *Lucenda*.

Those well-pen'd Lines that were compos'd by thee,
 Divine *Lucenda*, and addrest to me,
 I have receiv'd, but I must confesse
 With more content than now I can expresse;
 For when they were presented to me, then
 I deem'd my selfe the happiest of men:
 But when I read them sorrow did affright
 All ioy from me, and all sweete delight:
 For being clos'd they promis'd me redresse,
 But being open'd, nothing else exprest,
 Unlesse unkindnesse, which did overthrow
 My expectations, throb my heart with woe,
 By which I iudge there is more likely-hood
 For future ills than for my present good:

So that I cannot really expresse
 Such true delight as I ought to confesse ;
 For if I thinke thy favour to obtaine,
 My torments thrive, and I grow rich in paine :
 For by your writing you doe quite destroy
 All hope of comfort, or delight some ioy.
 My ills you say doe grieve you, wherefore then
 Doe you expresse that which you doe not meane?
 Why doe you publish, or with words proclaime,
 What with your will you meane not to maintaine?
 If so it were, that my afflictions they
 Displeasing were, then might you truely say
 What you maintain'd; and then you would retract
 What you commit now both in word and fact.
 Ah deare Lucenda, why doe you pretend
 Not truely with your truely loving friend.
 I have the name, but you commit the act;
 I gaine the honour, you expresse the fact.
 Truely I'de rather that my suff'rings were
 Doubtfull unto thee, than that thou shouldst beare
 Credit unto them, giving no redresse
 Vnto my torments, or my wretchednesse.
 You doe propose, deare love, to me that I
 Should Court your favours very modestly :
 If I could ease my selfe so freely well
 As I can beare my Sorrowes, let me tell
 Thee, dearest Mistris, I would never groane
 Vnder the burthen of my griefe or moane ;
 My smarting paine with speed I would recure,
 These grievous torments which I doe endure.
 Now if you please (faire love) to succour me,
 Or to allay my killing misery,
 Let me intreat thee (Sweetest) not to daigne
 Dispaire a triumph o're my Soule to gaine :
 Neither permit grim Death to bathe his Dart
 Within the crimson river of my heart :
 Let it suffice that thou hast robbed me
 Of the best part of life ; sweete Lady see

How that my teares intreat thee for thy grace,
 Which if you grant not, death will come in place;
 For why, my sorrowes which doe paralell
 Thy heavenly beauty, which doth all excell,
 Th' are too heavy and insufferable,
 I cannot beare them th' are intollerable.
 This is the cause, I feeling of my Fate,
 And how unkindly you it aggravate;
 That I cannot reioyce, or dure to see
 Another glader than my selfe to be:
 For I doe wish that every one were us'd
 With love as basely as I am abus'd:
 And since my love doth daily still increase,
 And that reward doth grant me no release,
 I doe resolve unto some place to goe,
 Ne're to returne; for this Ile let thee know,
 That Death and Time in this my banishment,
 Shall ease my cares, and kill sad languishment.
 Now since you have bard up all hope from me,
 Of speaking to thee, yet vouchsafe to see
 Me e're I part; nor speake I this t' impaire
 Thy bright renowne, as glorious and as faire
 As Phœbus Raies, for let it not (sweete) be
 In any place debar'd from company;
 Or where suspition wanders but in sight
 Of my deare sister, in whom you delight;
 So shall you see my grieve, and eke behold
 My blooming colour turn'd into the mould
 Of pale-fac'd tawny, and all cheerefull grace
 To be eclips'd within my youthfull face;
 And as bla ke grounds, they set off to the sight
 Transparent colours, most of all the white.
 So I being present, my pale hew will show
 How fragrant Roses freshly bud and grow
 In milke-white fields; I meane those Virgin plaines,
 Your cheekes imbelisht with Carnation staines.
 If this you grant, or else consent that I
 Shall you behold with my unworthy eyes,

Then

Then may you free the wretched captiv'd heart
 Of thy poore vassall from all cruell smart,
 And with that hap enrich my fortunes so,
 That what want meanes I never more shall know.
 What else to write I cannot tell, but this,
 If you vouchsafe to grant me so much blisse,
 As to permit me thy sweete face to see,
 My selfe Ile prostrate with humility,
 And kisse thy feete, and on my bended knee,
 And eyes erected, ever honour thee.

Arnalte to the Traveller.

MY Letter ended, I did then implore
 My sisters aide, entreating her once more:
 For to present unto *Lucenda's* view
 This Letter which I have rehearst to you:
 This she did grant me, being thereto mov'd
 More through my treaties, than her will approv'd:
 For shame forbad her, but then pure affection
 O're-came all hindrance, and gave her direction.
 Then like to those who doe expect their fate,
 With speede she hasted for to obviate
 Her good or ill, and to *Lucenda* she
 Tender'd the Letter that was sent by me;
 But she was forc't unanswered to returne
 To wretched me, whose heart in flames did burne
 Of fiery love, still fuel'd with disdain,
 Which did encrease more furiously my flame.
 This mov'd my sister daily to endeavour
 T'effect some meanes that she might me deliver.
 Then on a day vertuous *Lucenda* and
 My sister meeting, she could not withstand
 My sisters treats, though her defence were great,
 But did vouchsafe that I with her should speak.
 This sentence added wings unto the speed
 Of my deare sister, who was glad indeed,
 To bring me tidings of so great a blisse,
 And thank't great *Love* that he had daign'd her this,

That she was borne the bearer for to be
 Of the good newes which she did bring to me :
 She did rejoyce, and then did declare
 What was decree'd of sweet *Lucenda*, faire
 As bright *Aurora*, Conduct to the Day,
 Whose Roseate blushes to our sight displays
Phæbus approach each day when he doth rise
 From *Tethys* bed, to travaile through the skies.
 Who ever saw a Prisoner doom'd to death,
 Gaine a Reprivall for his sentenc'd breath,
 And that unlook't for, since he hath no hope
 But for to breath his last by Sword or Rope ;
 Is so transported, that he scarce beleeves,
 Hearing th' Injunction of those new decrees ?
 But being assur'd, he with excess of measure
 Courts this his Fortune with a world of pleasure.
 Or else a Pilot in a raging storme,
 Deemes Barke, and goods, himselfe, and all forlorne,
 Since whirling winds feloniously doe crack
 His twisted Cables, cause his Anchors slack
 Their forked hold, and drive him in despite
 Of Steere, or Helme, he knows not wrong or right :
 Mounting him one while to the azur'd skie,
 And then as soone redrive him furiously
 Unto the bottome of the vast extent
 Of *Neptunes* foaming watry Regiment :
 Whilst thus he's tost on the Sea-swelling waves,
 And well-nigh swallow'd in their watry graves,
 Fraught with dispaire, posselt he never more,
 Shall set his footing on the sandy shore,
 Doth suddenly through light of *Phæbus* ray,
 Spies from a farre the prospect of a bay.
 Yet former feare hath so posselt his brest,
 And present ruine, that he feares this blest
 Appearance's but an object of illusion,
 His hopes to flatter, ere their last confusion,
 But then the winds (though angry) and the light
 Give him full view of what he had in sight :

Th'ire-

Th'irefull Seas transport him where the Tyde
 Doth drive his Barke, that it may safely ride.
 Then being safe, and out of dangers way,
 He thanks great *Love*, and with the cheerefull day
 Doth rowse his spirits, and expelleth quite
 The sad remembrance of the passed night:
 Even thus was I, untill that newes repriev'd
 My dying soule, and my sad heart reliev'd.
 For scarce my Sister had breath'd out her words,
 But sweet content such pleasure me affords,
 That whilst I liv'd, I never did possesse
 Such sweet delight, and pleasing happinesse:
 For, for t'expresse it it's impossible:
 My tongue's too weake my owne delights to tell,
 My anguishs were metamorphosed
 To suddaine joyes, sorrow from me fled
 With swiftest speed: with mirth and pleasure then
 My soule and heart did joyntly entertaine
 That blessed newes, and at that very time
 Love did me cherish, saying he was mine.
 But then the Guardians of the bright-fac't Day
 Had set the houre, and we must away
 Unto the place assign'd; for we did come
 When as bright *Titan*, otherwise the Sunne
 Comes dancing forth, Heavens Eastern-gate set wide
 To mount his Chariot, which doth for him bide,
 Vnto a Chappell then I did retire,
 Vnto a Cell, where usually the Fryer
 Vs'd for to shrift the people who confesse
 Their sinnes, and crimes, with their past wickednesse.
 Joyning to which *Lucenda* straight-ways came,
 And tooke her seate; I seeing of the same,
 The place consenting, I began to show
 With words and teares my torments and my woes.

Arnalte to Lucenda in the Friers Cell.

FAirest of Ladies, Mistris of my heart,
 Renown'd *Lucenda*, Auth'resse of my smart;
 The

The gracious favour, and the honour'd grace,
 Which at this present you to me vouchsafe;
 It's truly such, that I for e're despaire
 To recompence thy kindnesse, or thy care :
 Vnlesse my service it may satisfie
 In some respects thy noble courtesie ;
 Sweete love accept them, and deare Mistris let
 My weeping eyes; and sorrowfull aspect
 Give thee assurance of my constant love,
 Which whilst I live I vow shall never move.
 The *Pelican* shall never more expresse
 Vnto her young ones her kind tendernesse.
 The *Negro* Moore shall change his swarthy hew,
 The gods shall homage unto mortalls doe,
 E're I forsake to love and honour thee ;
 Why then, why then release my poore heart free,
 Redresse my wrongs, relieve me, doe me right,
 In lieu of sorrow, grant me sweet delight :
 Pitty thy Captive, and some favour show
 Vnto my heart inveloped with woe.
 File of those shackles, with which thy disdain
 Hath fetter'd me, release me out of paine.
 Let this incite thee, fairest, to apply
 Some cooling Cordial, for alas I fry,
 And burne in flames of hot tormenting fire,
 Kindl'd by love, continu'd by desire.
 Oh helpe me now, for it will more redound
 Vnto thy praise to save, than to confound.
 Alas, alas, I suffer not alone,
 Others are wrong'd ; for why, my grieving moane
 Hath shewne my torments so perspicuously,
 That divers meaning for to love, doe flye
 From love with speed, fearing alas to be
 Scorcht with the fire of discourtesie.
 Then since its thus, (thou wonder of our times)
 Repent thee of thy former passed crimes;
 Sweete I beseech thee, these thy faults amend,
 And with thy kindnesse cherish me thy friend.

I doe not know what reason that you have
 Not to be served, when all others crave
 For to possesse those things which you refuse,
 And with their wills, what you forsake, would chuse.
 It is most easie for to know, that I
 Have farre more want, nay, more necessity
 Of thy assistance, than thou hast desire
 That I should serve thee ; or to quench the fire
 Of my hot suff'rings. Oh, how is my heart
 Supprest with tortures, and afflicting smart !
 What rude encounters, what assaults have I
 Withstood with courage through my constancy !
 What cruell combats has my fainting hope
 Deliver'd me ! how hath my faith ta'ne scope
 For to assault me ! that to thee 'tis knowne,
 They have my health impair'd, and overthrowne.
 Alas, alas, is't possible for me
 With words to utter (fairest) unto thee
 The perturbations that I have endur'd
 Within my minde, in no wise to be cur'd
 But by thy aid ? could this effected be,
 How would'st thou blame thy selfe for harming me.
 Oh never man endured such a crosse !
 Oh, never man joyed lesse hap, more losse !
 Oh never yet so great a memory
 Did with Oblivion insepuled lye.
 Thus my affection, link't with disdain,
 Sends Death unto me with a world of paine :
 This I would let thee Lady understand,
 That you henceforward may your will command
 To right my wrongs, that so you in the end
 May prove my Mistris, and my dearest friend :
 And eke acquaint thee with the smarting paine
 And tedious torments that I doe sustaine,
 Thereby to shew thee, that my constancy
 Maugre all tortures, yet did never dye ;
 Nor have I found my selfe to be as yet
 Weary of what you please on me t'inflict :

For I have deem'd my losse a prize to be,
 Since you have gained what was lost by me,
 Nor is't without great reason, for if I
 Endure afflictions, your Sun-shaming eye
 Is cause of it, that superexc'lent grace,
 Which Nature lent to beautifie thy face.
 Now since th'art certaine of the love I beare
 To thee my Sweet, in all perfections rare,
 You'd injure reason, and injustice doe
 Vnto my faith, if so be it that you
 Establish not new orders to your will,
 Restoring life to him you well nigh kill.
 Now that you may hereafter exercise
 Workes of Repentance, listen to my cries,
 And grant deare Lady, that I may inherit
 The happy favour, since it is my merit,
 To touch your faire hands with a reverent kisse,
 I crave no more, then Sweet now daigne me this,
 Grant me this favour Lady, besides which
 I shall not dare no other to beseech:
 Yet if I should chance to transgresse, confine
 Me to such tortures as you please: divine
 And glorious Lady, if I ever swerve,
 Let me be punisht as I doe deserve.

Lucenda's Answer to Arnalte.

HAd I *Arnalte*, but such fluent straines,
 Or high-tun'd words, (compact by the paines
 Of sweet-tongu'd Rethorick) as thou dost expresse,
 Ingeniously I unto thee confesse,
 I should have skill to answer thee as well,
 As thou hast Art, thy sorrows for to tell.
 Long since it is, since that thy presence and
 My shame affiege me with a well-train'd Band
 Of invitations, who doe so oppose
 And ward themselves frō my word-speaking blows,
 That they doe drive me into such a straight
 That I beleeve all aide will come too late,

Being

Being so confounded, and perplex't in mind,
 That no reliefe in any thing I find :
 Since that my fame hath gain'd so deepe a wound,
 That Art, nor words can e're recure it found.
 For though my ignorance doe me acquit,
 Yet Reason checks me with her curbing bit,
 And doth condemne me, since my honour'd fame
 I've hazarded, and sayes I am too blame.
 Thou animat'st me that I should convert
 Thy sad disasters into pleasing mirth :
 I rather have more cause to mourne and grieve
 For my transgressions, than thee to relieve.
 Since what thou suffer'st, it is sufferable,
 My honour causing't to be tolerable :
 For why th' offence, the which I perpetrate
 At this same instant, will precipitate
 My honour headlong, or at least defame
 With foule disgrace my cleare unspotted name.
 And thus the danger which doth threaten me,
 Since I forget my selfe, to speake with thee,
 May sooner to thy disadvantage chance,
 Than to thy profit, or thy gaine t' enhance :
 For I doe feare thou canst not silent be,
 Or barre thy lips with bolts of secrecy,
 Clouding the tryumph which thou do'st obtaine
 In mists of silence, from the care of fame.
 For oftentimes the joy that we conceive
 Of suppos'd favour, doth our hopes deceive ;
 And so the tongue (too forward) doth expresse
 What th' heart with reason strives not to confesse.
 Yet if you be so lavish, to report't,
 It's at my perill, and you'll scale the Fort
 Of my high-towring honour, and so rase
 That to the ground, which yet hath stood with praise.
 How have thy treaties gain'd the upper hand,
 That my resistance cannot them with-stand !
 What woman is there that beleeveth thee,
 But to her selfe she must disloyall be ?

Alas, alas, how danger doth attend
 Vs silly Damsells, if our cares we lend
 To mens perswasions, whose beginnings we,
 If wise we were, we should both shun and flee.
 Ah sad *Lucenda*, thou art now a slave,
 And you *Arnalte*, name of Victor have:
 But yet beware, lest that too much glory
 Cause thee to loose through th'extream of joy
 That which with griefe, with sorrow, & with paine,
 With sighs, with sobs, thou now of me do'st gaine.
 Take notice how that secrecie doth heale,
 That which report doth wound, if he reveale,
 Thou do'st intreate that thou my hands maist kisse,
 I am contented, but provided this,
 You doe not thinke that I doe it permit
 Through vaine conceit, presumptuous pride, nor yet
 From any merit, that I dare to claime
 Vnto my selfe, and that you will refraine
 Henceforth to urge me, or sollicite more
 With irkesome treaties, as y'ave heretofore;
 And let thy Sister now a Testate be,
 Who hath already done so much for thee,
 That she hath gain'd me so farre to transgresse
 The bounds of Reason, that I doe expresse
 My selfe s' oblivious, that I now doe act
 That which I doe, in word, in deed, and fact.

Arnalte to the Traveller.

SCarce had *Lucenda* ended this her talke,
 But that the houre fore'd us for to walke:
 For't came to passe, so many people ran
 Into the Church, that both of us were faine
 For to depart; yet not without the grace
 Which faire *Lucenda* did to me vouchsafe;
 For she permitted my rude lips to touch (sinucht.
 Her faire white hands, more white than snow un-
 My Sister then, and I, we bad fare-well,
 And so return'd, each where we us'd to dwell.

And

And now dread *Jove* I unto record call;
 Might I have had the choyest of all
 The Worlds rich wealth, and be engag'd to lose
 The hap I purchas't, I would it refuse:
 This to affirme I doe summon in
 All constant Lovers, who have tossed bin
 In *Cupids* Blanket, for they know full well,
 That such a favour doth all wealth excell.
 Thus did I part content; my sister then
 Seeing me gaine my pristine health agen,
 With all essays endeavour'd t'entertaine
 My new delights to ratifie my paine;
 Desiring me that I would then repaire
 Into the Countrey for to take the aire,
 For she'de a house of pleasure, which did lye
 Not farre from *Thebes*, for it was hard by.
 To this her motion I did soone consent,
 And then as soone we on our journey went.
 Where when arriv'd, I found the place to be
 Seated by Natures carefull industry,
 Uery commodious for th'exercise
 Of healthfull hunting; (which some men doe prize
 Above all sports) this mov'd me cause my men
 Bring me some Birding-Peeeces, that (friend) then
 I might essay, what with th'agitation
 Of that same pastime, and its recreation,
 For to recover my decayed health,
 Which sad affliction had o'rethrowne by stealth.
 Now while I sojourn'd with my sister deare,
 Shee feasted me, and made me such good cheare,
 That in a short space I did there regaine
 My manly colour, and my strength againe.
 But on a day that I resolv'd to ride
 Abroad a hunting, just as I would stride
 My horse's backe, divers sad auguries
 Did then appeare unto my wondring eyes,
 Which did presage, and eke denounce my fate,
 My future ruine, and its wretched state:

For suddenly the Heavens, that were cleare,
 Faire, bright, and calme, straight-ways did appeare
 Tempestuous, cloudy, winde and raine did flye
 With stormy rage, and darknesse vail'd the skie :
 Also a Grey-hound, which I much did prise,
 Ranne 'twixt my leggs, & there yelpt forth such cries
 And horrid howlings, that they did confound
 M'amazed senses with their bawling sound.
 Yet I alas, who made but small account
 Of such predictions, on my Steed did mount :
 Nor all those lets could not my purpose stay,
 But with my Hawke upon my fist away
 Into the fields I rod, where 'carfully I
 Had 'gun my quest, but then immediately
 I call'd to minde that it was long agoe
 Since I had seene the Gentleman, of whom
 I have already spoke; and that since I
 Had shewn to him the love and loyalty,
 And deare affection which I alwayes beare
 Vnto *Lucenda*, he no more did care
 T'associate me, but by degrees did shun
 My company, or where I us'd to come;
 Nor ne're came nigh me where I us'd to dwell,
 Or once inquir'd, were I ill or well,
 Ceasing to be so courteous, or so kind,
 As formerly I did his friendship finde.
 No sparke of goodnesse in his breast did shine,
 Towards me all friendship did in him decline :
 But 'cause I knew it was the proper kind
 Of divers men who have a wavering minde,
 Not to be constant to their friends, but fickle,
 For as they please, they can love much or little;
 It mov'd me thinke that he had gain'd a touch
 Of that infection, poison'd with too much
 Ignoblenesse, which was the speciall cause
 Of his non-servance of kind friendships Lawes.
 And then againe I thought 'tmight sooner be
 That Lightnings flame should blast *Apollo's* Tree,
 Than

Than that he'd suffer that I should endure
 The least of torments, if he could me cure.
 Whilst thus I mus'd the depth of truth to sound,
 My Hawke fell downe starke dead unto the ground;
 Which sudden chance did straight wayes multiply
 The doubts I had of *Yerso's* loyalty:
 For suddenly my heart it was surpris'd
 With grievous startings, and assaults: beside,
 I did remember how my well-shap'd Hound
 Had whin'd that morning, grovelling on the ground.
 Then thus disturb'd, I did resolve to speed
 Backe to my Sister, mounted on my Steed;
 But as I rode, I found my selfe to be
 Vpon a Mount, whence I might plainly see
Lucenda's Mansion, which did fairely lye
 Vnto the prospect of my roaving eye;
 And also heard the noise and perfect sound
 Of Drummes and Haubois, which did there rebound
 Their pleasant Echoes 'gainst the Mountaines, and
 The neighbouring Hills, that there did proudly stand,
 Rearing their heads in such a lofty wise,
 As if they meant to parley with the skies.
 This seemed strange unto my listning eare,
 For it agree'd not with the time of yeare
 To use such pastime: thus I wax't farre more
 Pensive, and sad, than e're I was afore,
 Growing most jealous of my future losse,
 Since that my fortunes prov'd to be so crosse.
 Well, there I stay'd so long for to disery
 The house, from whence those merry Tones did flye,
 That Night o're-tooke me in her Ebon-Coach,
 E're to my Sister I could then approach,
 Who was accus'tom'd dayly for to waite
 My coming, at the entrance of her gate,
 There to embrace me; but at that same Tide
 My dearest Sister did not for me bide,
 Which did renew againe my past distrust,
 And then alas, this of all was worst:

I being

I being enter'd, to the Chamber come
 Where she did sit, she seem'd to me as dumbe ;
 A word she spake not, but did sadly looke,
 As if all joy had her heart forsooke.
 This did amaze me, and I marvail'd much :
 For since her silence unto me was such,
 I durst not aske her ought, doubting to heare
 By her discourse the news I much did feare.
 But yet at length I could not so containe
 My selfe with silence, or from words refraine,
 But that I ask't her whence it did arise
 That she fate drooping in that mournfull wise :
 At this the flood-gates of her teare-drown'd eyes
 Burst ope through fury of her weeping cries :
 Fro whence such streames of chrystal-teares did flow,
 That to a deluge they began to grow ;
 Whose inundations did o're-flow so high,
 That they did stop her passage of reply,
 So that she could not answer me, untill
 Those floods were sunke, that then amaine did swell ;
 But drying up those teares which trickled downe,
 Whose gushing Torrents did her eyes e'ne drowne,
 She did declare, how at that present tide,
Lucenda was the faire espoused Bride
 Of youthfull *Yerso*, who I ever deem'd
 My faithfull friend, for so he alwayes seem'd.
 And that as then she did to me relate
 As she did heare, they still did celebrate
 The Nuptiall Banquets, and the custom'd Rites
 With Maskes, with Revells, and such us'd delights.
 When this I heard, I doe protest my friend,
 I thought my life would straight have ta'ne an end :
 For my poore heart was suddenly assail'd
 By woes Armado, that my spirits fail'd ;
 Which so amaz'd me, that a long while I
 Stood mute, and dumbe, nor could a word reply.
 Thus were the signes prefig'd unto me showne,
 And eke the noise I heard unto me knowne ;

Which

Which so disturbe me, that I in the place
 So rudely fell, grovelling on my face ;
 That those who then were present, did esteeme
 I was intransit, for so I then did seeme :
 But then as soone as I could breath againe,
 I tooke all Letters, subscribed with the name
 Offaire *Lucenda* ; nay, I did not leave
 One single line which I of her receiv'd,
 But tore them all in that same raging vaine :
 Then growing wild, through fury of my paine,
 I being lost, and voyd of further hope,
 Dispaire I welcom'd, who did soone take scope
 For to inflame me with tenne thousand thoughts,
 Which in my braines a strange distraction wrought,
 So that I did unroote my Beard, and tare
 From off my head whole handfulls of my haire :
 Although such actions (friend) I must confesse
 Seeme womanish, and weaknesse doe expresse ;
 Yet blind-fold Love doth by his Lawes confine
 To such extreames his servants many times :
 Then some daies past, and that the consolation
 Of my deare sister, with her milde perswasion
 Had in some sort asswag'd my anxious griefe,
 And by her care had tender'd me reliefe,
 I gave a speciall order unto those
 Who waited on me to weare mourning clothes.
 Soone after which, a Damsell to me came
 That serv'd *Lucenda*, that Angelicke Dame :
 It was the maid in whom she did repose
 Great confidence, and durst to her disclose
 Her private secrets, and moreover rest
 Her inward thoughts within her trusty breast ;
 Who certifi'd me in her Mistris name,
 How that her Lady was inforc'd and faine
 To undergoe that marriage, and that she,
 More through the irksome importunity,
 And urgent treaties of her Parents, (who
 Claim'd her obeyfance as their proper due)

Than of her owne consent, or proper will
 She was constrain'd t'imbrace him *vel* or *nil*.
 Having a long while heard her patiently,
 And fatisht her, she did homeward s hye :
 But you must know that she rescouter'd me,
 Clad with a Gowne of blacke, (which did agree
 In outward shew, unto my inward grieve)
 About whose hembe (because I will be brieve)
 These Lines and Letters were embroydred round,
 Which being read, this meaning forth did sound.

*Tell her that since that she hath chose to be
 Unto her Captive a submissive slave,
 I doe intend my life henceforth to save,
 Living because she hath vouchsaf't it me.*

This Gentlewoman well advis'd and wise,
 Had great compassion of my mourning cries ;
 And you must thinke she was instructed by
 Her honour'd Mistris, for to have an eye
 As well to marke the habit that I wore,
 As to observe me how I did deplore ;
 Which mov'd her glance upon my robe her eye,
 Where in a moment she did soone espy
 The Lines embroydred, whose conceite in mind
 Shee well remembred, and then went to find
 Her Dame *Lucenda*, leaving me as mad
 At *Xerxo's* treason, as my heart was sad
 A their late marriage, of which when I thought,
 Such an impression in my soule it wrought,
 That I concluded for to challenge him
 To combat with me, that before the King,
 And all the world, he truely might confesse
 His treacherous dealing, and perfidiousnesse :
 Which to effect, a Challenge I did send,
 The words of which did to this purpose tend.

Arnalte's Challenge to Yerfo.

Yerfo, because that every one may know
 Th'ignoblenesse, I doe intend to show,
 How faithlesse that thy lying drifts have beene,
 With which in secret I've abused beene:
 Therefore in publicke I will manifest
 Vnto the world thy base perfidiousnesse;
 Because henceforth thy punishment may be
 A president unto eternity.
 And for to punish justly thy offence,
 Th'uncourteous actions, and base insolence,
 I hope to vanquish, and to overcome
 Thee with my hands; as also with my tongue
 To use such words as shall thee quite defame,
 And overthrow thee to thy utter shame.
 But to the end that none may thee excuse,
 Your selfe shall judge how you have me abus'd:
 Revolve unto thy selfe, and call to mind
 How long its since unfeigned love did binde
 So strict a league betwixt us, that we swore
 To be companions, faithfull evermore.
 Remember too, how for a long while we
 Have mutuall beene, with seem'd fidelity,
 Bearing a love so pious to each other,
 That as two brethren we lov'd one another.
 By which conjunction thinking that thou wert
 Faithfull and loyall, of a noble heart;
 My inward thoughts I have to thee reveald,
 My private secrets I have not conceal'd.
 And amongst many th'affection that I bare
 Vnto *Lucenda*, in perfections rare,
 In which thou didst uphold me, promising
 For to assist me, that I might her winne:
 Oh then thou spakst even as an impious slave,
 For that thou mightst defraud me: Sir you have

By divers waies, and fundry meanes exprest,
 You were content to further my request,
 Plything thy faith, that albeit that she
 Thy Lady were, that yet for love of mee
 Thou wouldst refraine to serve her, that I might
 Purchase th' injoyment of my sweet delight;
 Which I beleev'd so long, untill th' event
 Did shew the issue of thy bad intent:
 For closely juggling thou hast tane to wife
 My dearest Mistris, dearer than my life,
 The right usurping, with the recompence
 Of all my travailes, contrary to sence:
 By doing which, thou art not onely growne
 My enemy, but likewise art thy owne:
 At which I marvaile, and doe wonder much,
 For well I know thy knowledge it is such,
 That thou art witting, how that vertue, and
 The workes of friendship doe united stand:
 Yet ne' rethelasse before thou wouldst take heed,
 Thou hast committed this ignoble deed,
 Soyling thy honour, spotting of thy fame,
 Blasting by treason thy renowned name,
 Waxing so differ'nt from the noble parts,
 And worthy vertues, lodg'd within the hearts
 Of thy fore-fathers, as unto the sight
 The blacke doth vary from the purest white.
 But to the end that thou maist speedily
 Receive disgrace for thy base treachery:
 I let thee know, (perjur'd as thou art)
 That I will slay thee, and transpierce thy heart
 With those same weapons that you shall allot,
 And cut in two the Gordian knitted knot
 Of thy base life, casting thee forth the field,
 Or else inforce thee humbly for to yeeld
 Thy selfe my prisoner, causing thee confesse
 Th' ignoble action of thy wickednesse:
 For *love* assisting, with my hands and thy
 Perfidious, base, dishonest villany

I shall revenge and wreake the injury
 And base affronts which thou hast offer'd me :
 Therefore appoint what Armes we shall use,
 As 'tis the custome, send me no excuse :
 For having heard thy Answer, I'll assigne
 The Field, the day, and meet thee at the time.

Yerso's Answer to Arnalte's Challenge.

Arnalte, I thy challenge have receiv'd,
 And by the Lecture the Contents perceiv'd :
 And eke according unto what you say,
 If so be it that Fortune lead the way,
 And that th'event doe prove as advantageous,
 As thy affronting words doe seeme outrageous,
 I shall account, if such good hap you have,
 My selfe your vassall, and submissive slave,
 Tending to thee the name and worthy praise
 Of a brave Victor, give thee up the Bayes.
 But soft, but soft, this current that doth run
 Within your braine, so strongly I will turne
 Another way, and quite divert its course :
 For in my hands you shall not finde lesse force,
 Than I doe relish that thy words doe taste
 Of base aspersion, and black-mouth'd disgrace :
 Prate on, prate on, for as I may repute,
 It's you must babble, I must execute.
 Thus shall thy arrogance and swelling pride,
 Because that strangers, and moreo're beside
 Thy Friends and Kindred scarcely shall bemoane
 What I inflict upon thee, no not one,
 Since 'twere injustice if thou should'st not feele
 The Death you merit, from my pointed Steele ;
 That by that death thou might'st receive a true
 And just chastisement, as to thee is due.
 Thou do'st prepose unto the end that my
 Transgressions may be knowne perspicuously,
 I should remember of the mutuall love
 Frequent betwixt us, how we dayly strove

T' exceed each other in our courtesies,
 Loving each other as we lov'd our eyes;
 Trusting in which thou did'st communicate
 Thy secrets to me, and thy private state.
 True, I confesse't, nor in the least will I
 Paliate, dissemble, or the truth deny,
 For so I should the bounds of truth transgresse,
 And injure reason, and all vertuousnesse.
 Thus if thou hadst not publickly disgrac't
 My honour basely, in some private place
 I would have satisfi'd thee, and at large
 Have clear'd my selfe of ought layd to my charge.
 And sure I am that after that you should
 Have heard me speake, *Arnalte* then you would
 Have reckon'd me rather for to be
 Thy loyall friend, than faithlesse unto thee:
 Since more for safety of thy health and life,
 Than for my pleasure I have ta'ne to wife
 The faire *Lucenda*, hoping then thereby
 To end thy torments and thy miseries:
 For seeing that thou wert not like to live
 Any long while, but subject still to grieve,
 I held it for the best to act and doe
 What I have done, unto the end that you
 Having no future hope, might'st strive to gaine
 Thy former strength and pristine health againe.
 But since th'intents doe justly justifie,
 Or else condemne one worthy for to dye,
 Vnto my thoughts I doe my selfe referre,
 For I am sure my love did never erre:
 Yet since the truth ought sooner for to be
 Maintain'd by actions, than loquacity,
 The judgment shall surcease untill the day
 Of Execution *Phæbus* shall display.
 Then shalt thou see what thou had'st gain'd, if that
 Thou hadst not prated this reproachfull chat;
 And what thou'st lost, since thou hast wronged me
 By the aspersions of thy obloquie:

For by my right and thy base putting pride
 It shall be judg'd, and very plainly try'd.
 But since with thee I would not much dispute,
 But purpose fiercely for to execute,
 I doe advise thee that thou shalt recant,
 And eate thy words as a base recreant :
 Which to accomplish, I select and chuse
 The proper Armes that men at Armes use ;
 We will be arm'd as men at Armes be,
A cap, a pe, compleat in each degree :
 Onely our right Armes they shall be excepted,
 For they shall naked be, and quite detected.
 Our Launces equall, each two Swords apiece,
 Our Horses barb'd with Front-stalls, Crannets, these
 The weapons are, now when you will, you may
 Appoint the field, the houre, and the day ;
 For by the ayde of him who ought to be
 Judge 'twixt my wrongs and thy partiality,
 I hope to slay thee, or to winne the field,
 And Victor-like enforce thee for to yeeld.

Answer to the Traveller.

NOW since the Armes were denoted, I
 Did straight-ways goe to the Kings Majesty,
 Informing him exactly of what had
 Past betwixt *Yerso* and my selfe, (most sad)
 So that he hearing th'infidelity
 Of my past friend, then growne my enemy,
 It seem'd so strange to him that he did yeeld
 At my request to grant us both the field.
 Then on the day assign'd, *Yerso* and I,
 We did appeare before his Majesty,
 He having caus'd a Scaffold for to be
 Built and erected, that he there might see
 Who should be Master of the field, and gaine
 A glorious conquest, to maintaine his fame :
 Then having view'd our Armes, which his Grace
 Found very equall, th'oath us'd in that case

Being

Being deliver'd, and that the Heralds they
 Had gi'ne the Signall to the field, away
 With speed we hasted for to take our course,
 Running against each other with such force,
 That the rude shock, of our rescouter did
 Expresse what love was in our bosomes hid:
 But *Yerso* then being as fortunate,
 As a good Horse-man he did penetrate
 My naked arme with his pointed Steele,
 With which being wounded, I great paine did feele;
 But as for my part, I had no such chance,
 I onely counterbust him with my Lance
 Vpon the viser of his Helmet bright;
 Yet did I not direct the stroake so right,
 But that I mist to wound him with the thrust.
 Thus by we rode, our Lances being burst,
 Which flew to shivers, lying scatter'd round
 Vpon the verdent Grasse and trampled ground.
 Our Staves thus broke, we quickly did betake
 Vs to our keen-edg'd Swords, that they might make
 Good what our Speares had fail'd of their pretence:
 Then fiercely driving we did both commence
 A fray so bloody, that the Crimson gore
 Did trickle downe upon the grasse all-o're,
 Thundring our blowes with fury violent,
 That through our Armour they a passage rent,
 To make a way unto our vitall parts,
 That unawares they might surpris our hearts.
 We slic'd our Shields, we clave our Helmets bright,
 And were so eager on our bloody fight,
 That the Spectators weary were to see
 The Combate last so long; as also we
 Grew faint with striking and through losse of blood,
 Which flowed from us like a purple flood.
 But to be briefe, I gain'd the victory,
 And *Yerso* vanquisht at my feet did lye:
 By which his Treason plainly was proclaim'd,
 And my just right and innocence maintain'd.

Yet

Yet howsoever *Yerso* did disdain
 A life of Almes, rather would maintaine
 His fame and honour by a warlike death,
 Than by recanting to reprive his breath,
 And live dishonour'd to his utter shame.
Lucenda thus a widow did remaine,
 And I victorious : then th'assembly gone,
 With speed I hasted to my private home ;
 Where while I lay with wholesome meanes to cure
 Those smarting wounds, the which I did endure,
 I was advertis'd that *Lucenda*, she
 Bewaild the losse she had obtain'd by me:
 And with great sorrow moan'd the timelesse death
 Of her slaine husband, whose perfidious breath
 I had exhal'd ; now that she might give o're
 Her lamentations, and no more deplore
 His deserv'd death, I did resolve to proffer
 My service to her, and more-o're to offer
 If't should be pleasing to her, to supply
 The place of *Yerso* with more constancy,
 And be her Husband, she my honour'd wife,
 Who I would cherish rather than my life.

A Letter of *Arnalte* to *Lucenda*.

Mirrour of Women, Natures chiefest iewel,
 Oh thou whose eyes are wanton Cupids fewel,
 Beauties Idea, sweete perfections grace,
 For all perfections harbour in thy face.
 Pardon my faults, oh doe not on me frowne,
 But with thy favour my expectance crowne :
 Deny me not thy mercy, but vouchsafe
 For to protect me, and to keepe me safe.
 I must confesse that I have iniur'd thee ;
 Yet have compassion on my misery :
 And Lady, though for peace I intercede
 In time of warre, or for thy pittie plead,

Let me intreat thee that thou wilt not take
 It in ill part, since I this suite doe make :
 Rather I esteeme thy vertue than the crime
 That's perpetrated gainst thee most divine
 And glorious creature ; for your eyes they have
 A secret power how to kill or save.
 Then since it in your gracious power doth lye
 To kill, or save ; oh helpe, or else I dye.
 As for the chance that lately did befall
 Thy livelesse Husband, I great love doe call
 To witnesse, how it grieves me ; for why, best
 He knowes what thoughts doe harbour in my brest.
 Yet though it grieve me for the sake of him,
 Sweets in respect of thee 'thas pleasing bin :
 For had I not (faire love) offended thee,
 Thou couldst not, couldst not have absolved me,
 Shewing the vertue of forgiving, which
 Most brightly doth thy purest minde enrich.
 Now to the end it may be manifest,
 And to the world perspicuously exprest
 That thou forgiv'st me, let thy sorrowes be
 Govern'd by reason, not extremity.
 If otherwise thou dost lament or plaine,
 Thou'lt taxe thy credit, and receive great blame.
 Oh then, oh then deny me not this pleasure,
 By farre transcending India's golden treasure :
 Since by the purchase we may both remaine
 Content, and I for ever freed from paine ;
 Shewing thy pittie and thy mercy to
 The man, to whom thou oughtst for pardon sue.
 Alas, alas, I know thou art so sad,
 That I doe doubt to gaine, in that regard,
 The hap I wish for ; since that in the time,
 When as thou wert more likely to be mine
 Than now thou art, I never could arrive
 Vnto the port to which my thoughts did drive ;
 Although, deare heart, I felt more stronger gales
 From thy milde favours, which imbreath'd my sailes ;

Yet

Yet howsoe're I vow ne're to require
 That thing of thee which you shall not desire :
 For should my paines inforce me to transgresse,
 My feares shall straight oppose my wilfulnesse ;
 Yet if you will direct your course, and faile
 By Reasons Compasse, you will hardly faile
 To account your selfe rather a foe to be
 Vnto your selfe, than not a friend to me.
 For say I've slaine thy husband : why his death
 Hath stopt the passage but of one mans breath :
 But you, who have so many murder'd, ne're
 Didst yet repent, or shed for one a teare.
 Thus thinke of me, as thou wouldst others have
 To iudge of thee, although I am thy slave ;
 Which if you grant, I soone shall feeble m' offence
 To be remitted with large recompence.
 Thy deces'd husband hath so wounded me,
 That of my health the Doctors disagree ;
 Yet spight of Fortune, or her utmost hate,
 Or all th' afflictions of my cruell fate,
 I dread no danger, for my outward smart
 Is farre unlike the sufferings of my heart :
 For 'tis long since (deare love) that Cupids dart,
 Headed with thy bright eyes, have pierc'd my heart,
 And made so large an Orifice, that those
 Grand wounds I suffer'd from the smarting blowes
 Of vanquish'd Yetlo, seeme, alas, to be
 But petty scratches, wholly disagree
 From the condition of my inward paine,
 Whose cruell tortures doth my heart inflame
 With burning ardour, that it doth exceed
 My outward hurts ; for loves doth inward bleed.
 Thus I doe muster daily in my braine
 Ten thousand thoughts ; I also entertaine
 As many fancies, which my thoughts controule,
 Whose suddaine discord wracks my wavering soule :
 Yet 'mongst so many, there's but one, the which
 Doth my sad heart with future hope enrich :

Which Ile reveale, unto the end that my
 Most constant faith, and faithfull loyalty
 May be most certaine; yet (sweet friend) before
 I doe rehearse is, let me thee implore,
 For to consider that it is in vaine,
 To thinke by teares thy husband to regaine:
 For what death seizes with his mortall hand,
 It's meerely lost, no force can him withstand:
 For 'tis most certaine, neither art or skill,
 Honour, or goodnesse, can prevent the ill
 Of our malignant Starres, nor birth, or state
 Divert the Omen of our dying Fate,
 Therefore ne're hope for to recall to life
 Yetso, to whom thou lately wert a wife,
 But rather take my counsaile, and replant
 That love in me, which you to him did grant:
 For since I've tane him from thee, if you please
 I will be yours, and your griefes appease.
 Yet if his lode hath so blind-folded thee,
 Or so obscur'd your judgement, not to see
 How I deserve, or thinke I am not fit
 To enjoy thy love, nor that I merit it:
 Oh be not so opiniate, nor believe
 Thy judgement so, but let some others give
 Thee better counsaile, for alas I doubt
 Yetso's sad chance hath chac'd all reason out:
 Then shall you see how your resolves agree
 With your friends counsailes, as concerning me.
 Yet, under favour, I must tell you, that
 He doth deserve, who hath had such good hap
 And power to vanquish him, who had the name
 Of thy deare husband, justly for to claime
 All rights and titles which he did possesse,
 Injoying thee, thou cause of my disresse.
 As for my birth, my honour, or my state,
 My parentage, it's needlesse to relate:
 In vaine it were rare Paragon to shew't,
 Since you faire love as well as I doe know't.

Then

Then if the merits of my travells have
 Not yet deserv'd the favour that I crave,
 Which is to have thee for to be my Wife,
 And fairest Sponse, who ever as my life
 I meane to cherish, you your selfe shall be
 The faithfull Iudge betwixt your selfe and me :
 For well I know that thou most certaine art,
 That for to love thee, I have felt much smart,
 Loathing my life, since I could never gaine
 A recompence to ratifie my paine.
 Now if you please some succour for to lend,
 I doe intreate you will your Answer send

Arnalte to the Traveller.

MY Missive ended, I my Sister caus'd
 To come unto me, who as sorry was
 To see my hurts, as she was glad that I
 Had gain'd the honour and the victory :
 Yet howsoever it did grieve her much
 That *Yerso's* chance did fall out to be such.
 Then at her comming I did straight repeate
 My resolution, and I did intreate
 Her to advise me ; then did she reply,
 She wondred at my bold audacity :
 Yet howsoe're, since it might expiate
 The influence of my prodigious fate,
 She tooke my Letter, and away she hy'd
 Vnto *Lucenda*, who no sooner spy'd
 My Sister, but sh' intreated her to be
 At those same Nuptials that were caus'd by me.
 My Sister then she knew not what she meant,
 But afterwards she saw it by th'event :
 For at that time her friends and kindred were
 Assembled all for to conduct and beare
 Her company to a religious house,
 Which she had chose to celebrate her vowes,
 And to reside the remnant of her dayes,
 Singing sad *Dirges* and lamenting *Layes*.
 My Sister then arrived at that time,
 Desir'd to see th'event of their designe, Which

Which hapned thus *Lucenda*, (with her friends
 My Sister following to observe their ends)
 Being arriv'd, and to the covent come,
 There tooke the Order of a hooded Nunne.
 But 'cause till then my Sister could not finde
 A fit convenience for to shew her minde,
 Taking occasion by the fore-top, she
 'Can shew *Lucenda* what was sent by me :
 But she no sooner heard my name, but from
 My faithfull Sister in a rage she flung,
 Calling the Abbess, to whom she did relate,
 She was not enter'd through her arched gate
 Into her house, for to consent that she,
 Who was the Sister of her enemy,
 And mortall foe, should have the liberty
 To importune her with her urgency.
 Which when my Sister heard, she speedily
 Departed thence, and home to me did hie,
 Striving t'obscure and to paliate
 The sad report of my most cruell fate :
 Yet ne'r rethelless distrust did soone detect
 Her fained fictions, which I did suspect.
 Ah where's that Lover that e're had the like
 Disgrace, and crav'd not thin-chop'd death to strike
 Him to the heart ? which I had soone obtain'd,
 Had not my friends perforce my life maintain'd.
 Thus hope fled from me, nor no meanes was left
 To comfort me, of joy I was bereft :
 Then knowing not where to have refuge, I
 Turn'd to great *Love*, whom most submissively
 I did beseech with prayers, for to daigne
 His gracious pittie to redresse my paine,
 But for my sinnes and former wickednesse,
 He gave no eare unto my sad request :
 Thus gaining no ease, neither from *Love* above,
 Nor of the world, or of the blind-god *Love*,
 I did resolve to goe unto some place
 So solitary, that being there, my face
 No mortall man should e're behold againe,
 There to condole my torment & my paine.

This

This when my Sister heard, it did so fright
 Her tender heart, as if some horrid sight
 Had stood before her ; thus amazed she,
 Weeping extreamely hasted unto me,
 Casting her selfe there prostrate on the ground,
 Then at my feet these words she did propound.

Belisa to her Brother Arnalte.

I Know deare Brother, that you doe intend
 To take a journey shortly, to an end
 So strange, that's onely for to quench the flash
 Of your light humour ; for it is so rash
 And unadvised, that you doe expresse
 Your selfe quite void of Reasons solidnesse.
 Alas, alas, I doe beseech thee for
 Loves glorious sake, thou wilt this thought abhorre,
 Chace forth thy minde these wandring fantasies,
 Presse them to death, that they no more may rise
 Up in rebellion : Oh be not conscious that
 Report may scatter a reproachfull chat
 To thy disgrace ; but let it be thy care
 That slander doe not thy true worth impaire
 Consider too, that those who shall take note
 Of thy departure, that they will report
 That more for feare of *Yerso's* kindred, then
 Through loves sad anguish thou art fled from men.
 Have a pre-sight to all mishaps that may
 Through selfe-opinion wrong thee any way ;
 And weigh their ends, lest when it is too late
 You doe repent, and curse your wilfull fate ;
 For 'tis most frequent, when the meanes is gone,
 That then Repentance swiftly commeth on :
 Then doe not seeke to cloud thy honour'd fame
 In a strange absence, or undoe thy name.
 If this prevaile not, call to minde, if you
 Leave me alone, alas, what shall I doe ?
 For well you know my honour is conserv'd
 By the rare worth long since by thee deserv'd.
 Thus if you leave me, I shall be esteem'd
 Rather a stranger, than henceforth be deem'd

A *Thebian* Damsell ; ah deare brother hast
 Thou kist Oblivion, or of *Lethe* taste,
 That thou forget'st that death did snatch away
 Our honour'd parents (now involv'd in clay)
 The last great Plague, he being summon'd in
 By the three Sisters, one of whom doth spin,
 The other reeles, the third cuts with a Knife
 The fatall thred of mans uncertaine life :
 Yet ne'rethelesse I still enjoying thee,
 Have deem'd my selfe as well allied to be
 As e're I was, as also for to have
 As many friends, as when the dungeon-grave
 Did ne're inclose one to our blood affin'd :
 For they being dead, their love in you I finde,
 Do'st not consider that you much doe loose,
 If you th'acquaintance of your friends refuse ?
 Remember how the King hath bred thee, and
 Looke on the Countrey, and observe the Land
 Which you forsake : behold th'abundant store
 Of wealth and riches that you leave, before
 You take this course so contrary to sence,
 That all will blame you if you doe commenc't.
 Beleeve me brother, and be cautious too
 To act those things that may redound unto
 Thy disadvantage, for the mountaines can
 Not there commend thee for a worthy man ;
 The fierce wild beasts, that range the fields for food,
 Can not distinguish 'twixt the bad and good :
 Nor have the Birds the Judgment or the Art
 To console thy sad distressed heart.
 Who then shall praise thy Feats of Chivalry,
 Or blaze thy fame above the starry skie,
 Or moane the time that you spend there in vaine,
 Instead of striving to atchieve and gaine
 Transcendent honour and deserved praise
 In bloody battells and in Princely fraies ?
 Hast thou forgot that the most noble kind
 Of gen'rous spirits and heroick minds,
 Doe enterprise the things most intricate,
 Though death & danger on their purpose wait ?

If this perswade not, why, at leastwise thinke,
 How your past acts, and renown'd fame will sinke
 Downe to the bottome of the *Lethean* Lake,
 If this your journey you doe undertake.
 Say that distresse or sicknesse should befall
 You in that Desart, on whom could you call
 For some assistance? Oh ther's none to beare
 In thy afflictions the least part or share :
 Then is't not better that you should abide
 In this your Countrey, and henceforth reside
 With those with home you ever us'd to live?
 Being so wise, not desp'rately to give
 Thy selfe to ruine : but forsake th'intent
 To live with Beasts in pensive banishment,
 Where none can helpe thee, or thy wants supply.
 And you being absent, where alas shall I
 Bestow my selfe? to whom shall I complaine,
 When as the friends of *Terso* (by thee slaine)
 Shall terrifie me, and upbraid my fame,
 Casting aspersions on my honour'd name?
 Ah brother, brother, for his glorious sake,
 Who with a word the universe did make,
 Moderate thy sorrow, and assuage thy griefe,
 Comfort thy selfe, and daigne thy selfe reliefe.

Arnalte to Belisa.

I Have deare sister plainly understood
 What you have told me for my future good :
 For which I thanke thee, yet let my reply.
 Assure thee that most consid'rately
 I have premeditated on each word,
 The which your goodnesse did to me afford ;
 And in the thought of that imagination,
 Each poynt disturbs me with a vehement passion;
 So that they joyntly have surpriz'd my heart
 With far worse pangsthan raw-bon'd death doth dart;
 For anxious griefe within my breast tooke place,
 And swam in teares, which did o're-flow my face.
 And this deare sister, most especially
 I have endur'd for thy sake : for why,

All other torments I can lightly beare ;
 But as concerning thee I much doe care,
 For you I grieve ; I doe not moane the smart,
 Which Vulture-like still preys upon my heart :
 I dis-esteem it in respect of thee ,
 For why loves warrant hath deliver'd me,
 Thus I shall be perhaps excus'd by some,
 And eke inforc'd to undergoe the doome
 Of divers others ; let 'em speake and spare not ,
 In this respect, alas, alas I care not :
 For the pure vertue which is truely knowne,
 Cannot be injur'd, or disgrac'd by none ;
 Thus shall th' opinions which are held of me,
 Prove most part false, and feigned for to be.
 Thou dost prepose that 'twil be thought 'mongst men,
 That more for feare of *Xerxes*' kindred, then
 Through the afflictions of my torments, I
 Doe take this journey, and away doe flye.
 Fearing I should receive the selfe-same pay,
 Which I paid *Xerxes*, when I did him slay.
 Oh thinke not so, but be thou confident,
 That ther's not one, who ever nobly meant,
 Or truely lov'd, as will imagine such
 A base conceit as may my honour smutch :
 For well they know the worth of valour bides
 Ever most constant where true love resides :
 And eke more-o're, I am not so unknowne,
 But that my worth (of Fames loud Trumpet blowne)
 It is sufficient to obscure and shroud
 Such base reports in darke oblivions Cloud.
 Thou dost intreat me also to remember
 My goods, my servants, and my safety tender :
 As for my servants, I so thinke of them,
 That if ther's any that will follow, when
 I shall depart from this unpleasing place.
 Their company with thanks I will embrace,
 Rather t' expresse th' indulgent love I beare
 Vnto their kindnesse, or their friendly care,
 Than that I want or have necessity
 Of their assistance, or society.

Now

Now for my wealth and treasures, from this time
 You are their Mistris, for I make them thine ;
 And for the rest, oh deeme me not to be
 S'ignoble base, as that I would leave thee
 Alone, forlorne, desolate, and forsaken,
 Wretched, oppress'd, but if, thou art mistaken :
 For e're we part, with care I will provide,
 That I may see thee, e're I goe, a Bride
 Ioyn'd to a husband, who shall still remaine
 With thee (I absent) to maintaine thy fame.
 And now I will one thing of thee require,
 And this it is ; deare sister I desire
 That thou'lt take courage to thee ; and that when
 I shall retire from the sight of men,
 Your lamentations put me to no trouble,
 Nor your bewailings my afflictions double.
 And lastly Sister ; for I thinke 'twill be
 The last request I e're shall make to thee ;
 Let me intreat thee that continually
 Thou'lt plaine and taxe *Lucenda's* cruelty ;
 Ever remembring my untimely Fate,
 And utter ruine, caused by her hate :
 Yet if you see there's any likely-hood,
 Or expectation for my future good,
 Or that she should repent her, and bemoane
 The ills I suffer, under which I groane
 With endlesse tortures ; let that expiate
 Alone thy wrath, no other vengeance take :
 Since in this hap, the happy meanes doth lye,
 The which alone can gaine my liberty.
 Thus I will cease to entertaine your cares
 With my sad words, breath'd out with sighes & teares,
 'Cause I le avoyd thy importunity,
 And fond objection of thy vaine reply.
 At these my words my sisters tongue was ty'd,
 Her lips were bar'd, she never more reply'd
 One word or accent, the which might dissuade
 My resolution, or my breast invade
 With contra liction this my first intent
 She ne're essay'd to alter, or prevent

Then

Then being healed of my wounds, I went
 Vnto the King, and shew'd him my intent,
 Beseeching him most friendly to bestow
 A husband on my sister, who might show
 Such constant friendship, and such mutuall love,
 As doth the Turtle to the harmlesse Dove.
 This on his royall word he promis'd me
 For to accomplish: then thrice Noble hee
 Having performed what I did require,
 And satisfi'd most nobly my desire,
 With urgent treaties importun'd my stay,
 And disadvis'd me from so strange a way;
 Preposing to me that it was ill done,
 On this my course so rashly for to runne,
 Leaving my Countrey and my habitation,
 My goods, my sister, to court desolation:
 But since his will and mine did disagree,
 In our resolves there was no harmony:
 For the opinion which he did propound,
 On the same key, with mine they did not found;
 Thus, differing both in our opinions, I
 Tooke my last leave, leaving his Majesty
 Sufficiently assured, that my will
 I would accomplish, and my mind fulfill.
 At which the King was so displeas'd, that he
 Would not vouchsafe his gracious leave to me:
 Yet ne rethelless, casting all things aside
 Which may prevent me, though my friends decide
 The case, most strongly urging, how that I
 Did runne the hazard of much misery:
 I weigh'd it not, or did I heed the cryes
 Which ran like Rivers from the swolne eyes
 Of my sweet sister, intermixt with groanes
 And sad laments, of force to soften stones.
 But after many loving Ceremonies,
 And kind fare-wells, I did with watry eyes
 Take my last leave of all my friends and kin,
 And then my journey I did straight begin,
 Which soone was spread abroad, and thrill report
 As soon had blaz'd it in the King his Court: Which

Which being told his Grace, (although my fame
 I must confesse such honour could not claime)
 He did vouchsafe so farre to honour me
 Himselfe, and Nobles in their gallantry.
 As to conduct me onward in my way
 Vnto a place that from the City lay
 Some Furlongs distant : now excuse me friend,
 If to thy eares I doe not recommend
 The words we had at parting, or else show
 The sighes & groanes which from our hearts did flow.
 For without tediousnesse I cannot tell
 The passages which 'twixt us then befell :
 But let that passe, and know my weeping cryes
 And brynie teares which trickled from the eyes
 Of my kind Sister, at that time did sever
 Both she and I, not for a time, but ever.
 And then the King and his attendants they
 Return'd to Court, I follow'd on my way ;
 Continuing which, I soone did feele my smart
 To be disburden'd of much anxious smart :
 So that I found this course farre to surpasse
 My residence, which in rich *Thebes* was.
 For my misfortunes rather chose to bide
 With Beares and Lyons, than for to reside
 Longer with men, indu'd with reason, though
 Their qualities a brutish difference shew.
 Then having travell'd many dayes, I found
 My selfe arriv'd by chance on this same ground,
 So desolate, so uncoth, so o're-growne,
 As thy hard passage unto thee hath showne.
 But having gained this sad, solitary,
 Rough, ragged mountaine, being e'ne a weary,
 Consid'ring of its private scituation,
 Resolv'd t' erect thereon this habitation
 Of such materialls as might signifie
Lucenda's hatred and strange cruelty.
 Thus friend y'ave heard the summe of all my griefe,
 And how I've liv'd suppress without reliefe :
 Thou also know'st what sad afflictions I
 Have undergone through my firme costancy ; And

And eke what battells and assaults I have
 Sustain'd for love, who us'd me as his slave.
 But now kind friend, if my Discourse hath stay'd
 Thee from thy businesse; and likewise delay'd
 Thy purpos'd journey, least wise if a man
 Involv'd in woes and sorrows as I am,
 Have not deserv'd that thou shouldst troubled be
 In such a sort, as thou hast beene by me:
 Let me beseech thee that thou wilt suspence
 Thy then just anger, and remit th'offence
 Of such a wretched Caitiffe, who must still
 Live fraught with sorrow and heart-killing ill.
 Moreover Sir, sith that thou do'st intend,
 This day being past, to hasten to the end
 Of thy set journey, beare still in thy minde
 How thou hast pawn'd thy faith, and left behind
 A serious promise, justly to relate
 To courteous Ladies my most wretched state.
 Thus vertuous Ladies, our sad loving Knight
 His sad misfortunes did unto me recite,
 And eke discover'd all such accidents,
 Dispaire, mischances, woes, and discontents
 As e're he suffer'd; now if I have prov'd
 As tedious to yee, as I left him mov'd
 With anxious passions, giving entertaine
 To his heart-tort'ring martyrdom and paine:
 Yet if you please (rare ones) yee may dispence
 With your distasts, and pardon my offence;
 For I assure yee honourd Ladies, this
 Which I have done, (although perhaps amisse)
 Hath onely beene to obey and satisfie
 His sad requests and importunity:
 As also to discharge my promise, and
 Acquitt my faith, which did engaged stand,
 Not to offend your cares, or else presume
 Your patience with words to importune.
 Also I doe repose and eke confide
 So great a trust and confidence beside
 On your good natures, that you will connive
 At my mistakes, & with your goodnes strive

For

For to supply my want and my default,
 Not once observing my ill-ordred talke :
 But the desire which I have, to show
 The service which unto your Sexe I owe :
 For it hath beene the sole efficient cause,
 By which (Rare Ladies) I induced was,
 Rather t'incurre the taxes of sharpe blame,
 Than in the least respect to ~~dismaintaine~~
 Your more retyr'd Recreations, when
 Yee shall repaire unto your Bookes, or Pen,
 Cloy'd with excesse of farre more choise delight,
 And pleasant pastime than I can recite :
 Besides, I credit that yee are endew'd
 With such bright-shining vertues, and infus'd
 With so much goodnesse, yea, so richly drest
 With gracious pittie harbour'd in your brest,
 That the compassion which yee shall expresse
 For the ill-usage and the wretchednesse
 Of our sad Lover, may perhaps invade
 Your gentle bosomes, and in fine perswade
 Your gracious selves t'accept then in good part
 This the rehearfall of his anxious smarts,
 Which I have publish'd, being (Dames) confin'd
 Thereto by his command which did me bind,
 And eke incite yee to requite my paines
 With thanks, for why I seeke no other gaines.
 Likewise (yee best of women) that you'l daigne
 To second him, so to with-stand his paine,
 Assisting him, thereby to undergoe
 The weighty burden of his grievous woe,
 Taxing th'unkindnesse of this new-made Nun,
 The cruell Authresse of his Martyrdome ;
 Who through her desp'ratenes hath caus'd our Knight
 Who most intirely lov'd her, to delight
 In the acquaintance of ill-look't dispaire,
 And fellowship of heart-lamenting care ;
 So that he hath retird, himselfe confin'd
 Vnto a place cohering with his mind ;
 Alone sequester'd, most recluse, where he
 Dayly expects heart-easing Death to free

Him

Him from his passions which torment his heart
 With endlesse tortures, and unheard of smart.
 Now if's strange chance have not sufficient force
 T'infuse some pittie, or some sad remorse
 Within your bosomes, yet he doth intreate
 (Yee all by me) to harbour this conceite,
 That he doth rather cherish and maintaine
 His immense torments and extreamest paine,
 Since faire *Lucenda* therein doth delight;
 Than for to live in the most happiest plight,
 That ever any mortall man posselt,
 Since she deny'd him this true happinesse.
 But yet he hopes through processe of fleet time,
 Or through her vertues which most brightly shine,
 That shee'l forget the too fond foolish love
 Of her dead Husband, and at length remove
 All thought of him, and in the end confesse
 That she hath wrong'd me with her churlishnesse.
 Now if this happy turne shall chance to fall,
 Ere Destiny for his faint breath shall call,
 He will remaine content; or if it come
 When he possesses his time-lasting home,
 His spirit will rejoyce, his joynt-falne bones
 Repose more softer, though inhum'd 'mongst stones:
 Thus you may see the hope with which I left
 The mournfull Knight, of joy quite bereft:
 And eke the end of his discourse, the which
 Although it be not copiously enrich't
 With sweet-tun'd words, or high Cothurnick straines,
 Compos'd by Rethorick, or inventions paines,
 Yet pray accept it; it may serve for want
 Of better matter, (which I know's not scant)
 To entertaine your Suitors, when they be
 Familiar in your honour'd company:
 Vnto whose vertues and your famous graces
 Adorn'd I hope with more than common faces,
 My selfe and service I doe recommend,
 And vow to be your Servant till my end.

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